

# THE NATION

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### EVENTS OF THE WEEK

ON Wednesday a conference of the representatives of the trade unions affiliated to the T.U.C. partially conceded the miners' request to make a general levy on trade unionists at work in order to support the miners in their struggle. Each trade union executive represented at the conference has pledged itself "to call for a special daily contribution of not less than one penny from each of its members for every day such member is at work until the dispute is settled." The General Council, in formally communicating this resolution to the various trade unions, "endorses" a further suggestion that the various

unions should "advance sums of money to the Miners' Federation in anticipation of the collection of the daily contribution." How substantial the assistance will prove in practice remains to be seen. The main significance of the decision is that it expresses a *rapprochement* between the miners and the T.U.C., another aspect of which is that the miners' executive are understood to have decided to recommend their delegate conference to accept the General Council's proposals for a settlement of the dispute.

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What exactly those proposals are is far from clear. It is also far from clear whether the Government, with whom it would rest to give effect to them, are likely to accept them. It is evident that there are strong differences of opinion within the Cabinet. Mr. Churchill last week, with a knowledge of what the T.U.C. were proposing, made a series of encouraging speeches, declaring that "the question now is not whether the owners can be got to agree, but whether the miners will make any proposal or put forward any suggestions which the Government can endorse and carry forward irrespectively of what the opinions of the owners are." But other Ministers have spoken in a very different key; and on Wednesday Lord Birkenhead, whose influence in council is believed to be cast, as a rule, on the side of moderation, devoted an after-dinner speech, as the guest of the Engineers' Club, to a diatribe against Mr. Cook, whom he described as "the slave and serf of a foreign Power," ending on the note: "I take the same kind of view about this controversy as I took about the war when there was a defeatist council in relation to the war." Mr. Baldwin last week-end, in response to a request from Major Carver, who has the unhappy task of defending the Government's record in the Howdenshire by-election, sent a letter containing not one gleam of encouragement, but enclosing a long "Diary of Negotiations," in which the long series of Ministerial blunders and ineptitudes is set out in detail as evidence that "we have done all we could, and no wise Government could have done more." Altogether the omens are not favourable.

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Another attempt to assassinate Signor Mussolini has led to the lynching of the assailant by an infuriated crowd. These attempts are as silly as they are wicked, for the murder of *El Duce* could only lead to an intensification of Fascist tyranny under less responsible leaders, and a new reign of terror in Italy. It is true that Fascismo has repeatedly glorified crimes of violence committed in its own interests; that is the more reason why its opponents should keep their hands clean, and we may hope that this last attempt will prove to be the work of a crazy individual, and not of a party. With this exception, the fourth anniversary of the March on Rome passed off peacefully. The most

disconcerting feature of the celebration was Signor Mussolini's continued harping on "envious and jealous foreigners," on the assertion of Italy's greatness "by all means, in all places and against everybody," and on the "forest of bayonets," which was to impress the world with "the palpitations of our decided and invincible hearts." Signor Mussolini, who is a clever man, knows that nobody is oppressing Italy, and that Italian interests would not be well served by a policy of aggression. The danger of this sort of talk lies in the fact that the hot-heads of Fascismo may take him seriously, and look to him for corresponding action when any question of foreign politics arises. It is easier to raise than to lay the spirit of violence.

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We sincerely hope that there is no truth in the rumour that the Ambassadors' Conference contemplates protesting against General Heye's promotion to Lieutenant-General, on the grounds that as his office must be that of principal adviser to the Defence Ministry he must not be given a rank which makes him Commander-in-Chief of the German forces. If this argument is ever pressed upon the German Government, endless trouble will follow, for several reasons. In any military organization—no matter what the relations may be between the executive command and the civil Government—an officer may issue orders to those who are below him in rank and seniority. To leave Heye without the rank necessary to issue orders to all the general officers commanding is to make some independent garrison or district commander the senior officer of the whole German Reichswehr. Even if the difficulty could be got over by making the Defence Ministry responsible for every order relating to executive command, the solution arrived at would be most unsatisfactory. German officers in command would know perfectly well that orders signed by Gessler were prepared and issued by General Heye, and it would shock German notions of military authority deeply if officers were being commanded by anybody of junior rank.

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The results of the Black Reichswehr trials ought to convince every thinking person that there are more important and ominous things in the military organization of Germany than the relations between the senior officer of the Reichswehr and the Defence Ministry. The German court has for the time being abandoned the trial of Lieutenant Schulz, on account of his so-called revelations, but has admitted him as a witness in the trials of several other accused persons. The facts brought to light are similar to those revealed on previous occasions: torture of persons suspected of Communism, murdered men thrown into the rivers in sacks or buried in the woods, and all this done by the orders and under the direction of men who have been officers in the Imperial Army, and who, doubtless, have friends and relatives in the regular Reichswehr. The Reichswehr authorities are not implicated in anything more serious than enrolling short-time recruits at a time of crisis, in contravention to the Treaty of Versailles; but it cannot be doubted that ordinary German officers are quite convinced that the convicted men are not murderers, but genuine patriots. It would be useless to deny that if such convictions run strongly in the German Army it is a serious matter. The best remedy, however, is not to lessen, but to strengthen, General Heye's authority.

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The Imperial Conference is turning its attention to the questions of defence with an enthusiasm heightened, no doubt, by the great naval display at Portland. We may hope that the discussions will not be too much dominated by Mr. Bruce's belief that the Great War

has merely afforded us "a short respite," and that the question of Imperial co-operation at the disarmament conference will be examined in conjunction with the question of Imperial defence. Meanwhile, two interesting sessions have been given to civil aviation, and have made it clear that the British Government still believes in the airship. Outside the official sittings Mr. Bruce and Mr. Amery have made it equally clear that a real system of tariffs and preferences is waiting for us as soon as we are educated up to it, and Mr. Bruce has been endeavouring, not very successfully, to dodge some damaging criticisms of Australian tariff policy by Mr. Runciman. In the Committees really valuable work on forestry, shipping, trade statistics, and research is going quietly forward. A co-ordinated campaign for the prevention of animal diseases and the elimination of insect pests is never likely to receive leaden headlines in the newspapers, but it may do more for the development of Imperial resources than all the other work of the Conference.

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Sir Alfred Mond, having taken the plunge of joining the Tories, is moving rapidly towards the orthodox Protectionist creed. In an article in last week's *SPECTATOR*, he goes so far as to advocate "the ideal of a self-contained British Empire, with its constituent parts using their power in a concentrated instead of a sectional manner"; and this is precisely the standpoint from which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain launched his Tariff Reform Campaign which Sir Alfred Mond did so much to defeat. This new advocate of an Imperial Zollverein sees that "the enormous wealth, magnitude and resources of the United States make a great economic unit with an ever-increasing power"; he believes that Europe is moving inevitably towards "some form of economic union, . . . with Free Trade within the union and with Protection against those outside"; and he asks, "Where are we coming in? To which group are we going to belong, if to any?" And this is his answer:—

"I think our eyes ought to be turned seaward, towards our Dominions, rather than towards Europe. The oceans unite us: they do not divide. The British Empire contains within itself almost every known or required material, food, and every necessity for development that is required; it is richer in resources and contains a larger aggregate population than any other economic unit that could be created."

It is extraordinary that the idea of a self-contained British Empire should appeal so strongly to some minds, for even if it were practicable it would be open to most serious objections. To divert international trade from its natural channels for political purposes is always a dangerous proceeding likely to result in economic loss, and the diversion contemplated by Sir Alfred Mond would be on a great scale and entirely at variance with normal economic tendencies. And if we could imagine the "ideal" achieved, would there not be endless friction between the different parts of the "self-contained" Empire, and an attitude of jealous hostility from the Powers outside?

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The situation in China, about which nobody seems to care, grows steadily worse. The Northern war-lords have proved hopeless as administrators; the Treasury is empty, and the railways are falling into bankruptcy and ruin. The Cantonese are instituting a new organization, independent of the Imperial Maritime Customs, to collect surtaxes from shipping entering the port. The Powers sit by with folded hands, and deplore the wickedness of all parties. No doubt rapacity and graft are rampant; but the fundamental fact remains that there is, at present, no provision for collecting an adequate revenue for administrative purposes, and for

its equitable division between the Central Government and the provinces. The internal and external problems are knit together. Until the tariff and revenue question is settled each *de facto* Government will lay its hands on what it can, and will fight for control of the Imperial Treasury. So long as the question of treaty revision is shelved, every provincial authority will be backed by the whole force of Chinese nationalism in its attempt to make the foreigner pay. The Hong Kong correspondent of the *Times* says that local opinion tends increasingly to suggest that Great Britain should "take the lead in recognizing the Canton Government's position and its financial needs." That is sound sense; but such recognition should be only the first step in recasting the whole Chinese policy of the Powers in accord with the facts of the situation.

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The situation is not improved by the British Government's attitude with regard to the Wanhsien incident. They have, so far, absolutely declined to clear themselves by publishing papers, and now the Chinese Government has handed in a note, which apparently formulates the grave charges of bombarding populous and open suburbs and causing unnecessary loss of life and property. We do not wish to associate ourselves with these accusations, because the real facts are not known; but we repeat that the Government has put itself and its officers in a very false position by withholding information. First, if British officers are accused of irresponsible cruelty they ought either to be cleared or punished: their superiors have no right to leave them under the shadow of an accusation which they cannot themselves answer; secondly, if as a result of the Chinese Note the Government do publish papers, they can no longer do so voluntarily, as though inviting inspection of what they have done or ordered. Whatever the real facts may be, they will get a different reception than they would have done had they been presented at once.

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The Municipal Elections have resulted, like those of last year, in considerable Labour gains. In 230 towns the Labour Party have made a net gain of 152 seats, of which the Conservatives have lost 47, the Liberals 41, and Independents 55. Last year Labour gained about 180 seats. Hitherto Labour representation on local bodies has lagged considerably behind its representation in Parliament, and these successes were therefore to be expected. The Conservatives attribute the results, as usual, to the "apathy" of the electors, but, as a matter of fact, polling is much heavier nowadays, especially in the North of England, than it used to be in municipal elections. Dissatisfaction with the way in which the Government has handled—or failed to handle—the coal dispute, though irrelevant to all municipal issues except the administration of Poor Relief, has probably contributed substantially to the results; and the disconcerting Liberal losses may be attributed to the reflection of this dissatisfaction, for in municipal affairs Liberals and Conservatives are often obliged to work together.

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The inauguration of the tax on bets has provided a pretty comedy this week for the non-betting man. The "strike" of bookmakers at Windsor supplied a picturesque touch to the general confusion, for it appears that, as no "starting price" was given on the course, the virtuous bookmakers who have taken out licences and made bets off the course could not complete those transactions, and were obliged to return the stakes. It is not clear what the bookmakers hope to gain by such demonstrations. They can, of course,

escape the tax by going out of business, but they are hardly likely to intimidate the revenue authorities by a lightning strike. In all probability the machinery of tax-collection will work more smoothly by the time flat racing is resumed in March, but it remains to be seen whether any really satisfactory system can be evolved without a change in the laws respecting betting.

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In the results of the American election there are two things only that do not accord with the general expectation. One is the failure of the Democrats to get rid of the Republican majority in the House as well as in the Senate. The other is the Wet vote on the Prohibition referenda in the Western States of Montana and Nevada. In both Houses the Administration will be helpless for the remainder of its term, but as the President would in any case not have a legislative programme the fact is not important. Mr. Coolidge suffers a direct rebuff in his own State, Massachusetts, by the defeat of Senator Butler, his campaign manager in 1924, and the only candidate in this election for whom Mr. Coolidge made a personal appeal. The one outstanding national figure in the campaign has been Governor "Al" Smith, of New York, who wins the governorship of the State for the fourth time by an enormous majority. His present triumph and his remarkable record give him a unique position among the Democrats. It is being freely said that the party will have to accept him as its candidate for the Presidency in 1928. If so, it would mean that the Democrats must commit themselves to anti-Prohibition and to the taking of the religious issue out of politics, for "Al" Smith is Catholic and Wet.

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The Wet-and-Dry referenda in eight States, with a total population of about 28 millions, have brought great encouragement to the Wets, and will, as usual, lead to erroneous inferences in Europe. New York has given an enormous Wet vote—four to one—while Chicago has decided the Wetness of Illinois. Wisconsin has demanded light beer, and several other States have come out for State enforcement instead of Federal. What this means in essence is that the common conscience of America is increasingly disturbed over the fact that the national Dry law cannot be enforced by the national authority, or indeed by the State authorities. But the result can have no direct bearing upon national Prohibition. The outgoing Congress will not touch the Volstead Act. Nor will the new one.

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We have had many hard things to say lately about coal-owners, and at the present moment we hold them, as a body, to be mainly responsible for the continuance of the stoppage; but all coal-owners are not alike, and we have read with interest and a considerable measure of agreement the speech of the Chairman, Major Leslie, at the Denaby Collieries Annual Meeting on Tuesday. Major Leslie had one important announcement to make—the amalgamation of four collieries, Denaby and Cadeby, Dinnington, Rossington, and Maltby, with a combined output of 4,000,000, rising to 5,000,000 tons. This may be regarded as the first fruit of the Commission's recommendations, and will be an interesting experiment in reorganization. The greater part of Major Leslie's speech was, however, devoted to an analysis of the position of the coal and other export industries. He, at any rate, is fully alive to the fact that the policy of deflation preparatory to the return to gold had the effect, in 1924, of "forcing down export prices 10 per cent. at the moment when our Continental competitors were indulging in inflation and thereby subsidizing their coal mines."

## THE ECONOMIC TREND

**A**VAGUE apprehensiveness is widespread in the business world to-day. A well-founded suspicion is spreading that the comparative immunity from obviously disastrous consequences with which we have sustained six months of national coal stoppage may have been purchased at the expense of piling up heavier troubles for the future. A long time-lag separates economic cause and consequence; and many of the consequences of the coal stoppage are only beginning to come home. Clearly we must be substantially on the wrong side of equilibrium in the balance of external trade. Shall we succeed in getting through the winter without a drain of gold heavy enough to entail restricted credit and general trade depression? What sort of Budget will Mr. Churchill produce next year? These are questions which might well cause uneasiness even if the coal-mines were to resume normal work to-morrow. And behind them the suspicion is deepening that the stoppage is not likely to end either soon or clean.

It is becoming urgent that we should take stock of the situation. We shall not, however, see it in its true perspective, if we regard it merely as a case of a temporary emergency, as a trying time to be passed through with the aid of whatever rough-and-ready expedients we can improvise. The coal stoppage will leave enduring marks upon our economic structure. It will serve, we believe, to give a lasting impetus to certain profoundly important tendencies, which had already acquired a strong momentum before it began. These tendencies are not only profoundly important, they are profoundly disagreeable to conventional minds, because they disturb the whole code of saws and maxims which, carelessly accepted without much scrutiny, have done duty for generations past as an analysis of the sources of our national well-being. And because they have seemed so disagreeable, there has been an obstinate reluctance to face them squarely. Most of our leaders of opinion, in the industrial, financial, and political worlds, have tried to shut out of mind as far as possible, and, in so far as it has not been possible, to treat as a passing abnormality, tendencies which were manifestly growing stronger year by year. They would not adjust their minds to them and shape their policies thereby; and it is largely for this reason that we have blundered as badly as we have in our handling of the coal dispute. It is imperative that we should adjust our minds to the situation now.

For years past, we have all been accustomed to deplore the depression which has lain on our staple export industries. For years past, we have talked of the sharp contrast of fortune between the "sheltered" and the "unsheltered" trades—which leads to the most highly skilled workmen, such as the British engineer, whose equal, we boast, is not to be found in the outside world, receiving less wages than many other workers performing functions which call for no special skill, or any high degree of general competence or intelligence or character. We have recognized, though perhaps not vividly enough, for it is not a matter which mass statistics force upon our notice, the profoundly unsatisfactory consequences of that contrast; its subtle

but powerful influence in promoting social unrest, the low estimation of the value of training which it breeds; the loss by emigration of the most skilled and desirable sections of our population. But, though this state of things has steadily persisted, and indeed has tended to get steadily worse, we have hugged ourselves in the complacent assumption that it was all just a passing difficulty, which would soon right itself. We had become so proud of a Britain whose development was based on an exuberant expansion of export and metallurgy, that we could not bear to think of a Britain developing along other lines. And so we consoled ourselves with any consolations which statistics could suggest. We might be exporting much less; but we were still doing our old *share* of the world's trade; and the settlement of Reparations, or Locarno, or whatever was going forward, would soon set matters right. Our staple export trades had always emerged triumphantly from their difficulties; they always would; it was un-British to doubt it. There was no need even to take any special care to avoid making matters worse. And so, quite complacently, we made matters materially and perhaps permanently worse, by restoring the gold standard, in satisfaction of another ingredient in our pre-war pride, namely, that whatever might be the case in other lands, London was always a free gold market, and the British sovereign worth precisely 123.274 grains of gold, eleven-twelfths fine.

It is, we believe, an indispensable condition of dealing wisely with the economic difficulties that lie ahead that we should grasp the real significance of what is taking place. A combination of causes, technical (like the coming of oil), international (like the growing industrial efficiency of competing countries and the growing economic nationalism in the East), and monetary (like the return to the gold standard coupled with a high level of wages in the sheltered trades, which has clearly come to stay) are gradually but increasingly transforming our economic life. The transformation has many aspects. It affects our equilibrium as a nation accustomed to export on a steadily and rapidly expanding scale, and to leave abroad as investments a large portion of the proceeds. It has an occupational aspect; the staple industries, coal, iron, and steel, shipbuilding, cotton, whose expansion was the chief pride of industrial Britain in the nineteenth century, tending rather to decline, and yielding pride of place in the process of development to industries of a new type. And it has a very important geographical aspect; most of the new industrial development—and industrial development has been proceeding on a very considerable scale during the last few years—taking place in districts remote from the old centres of industrial population.

It is surprising that this last aspect of our economic transformation has not received more public attention; for it is not merely a matter of some places expanding while others are declining in a featureless sort of way all over the country. A large regional change is in process. The old "industrial North" is losing ground to the Midlands and the South. This tendency is, of course, largely the result of the comparative decline of the type of industry which was localized in the old centres. But it goes far beyond that. For example, while the coal

industry as a whole is losing ground, its centre of gravity is shifting south and east—away from South Wales, the Tyne, and Scotland—to the newer and richer coalfields in South Yorkshire, the Midlands, and in Kent. This is an accident of Nature and discovery. In other instances, the tendency to avoid the old regions, when setting up new enterprises is perhaps less fortuitous. There is a tendency for highly skilled labour to become less important, and, accordingly, for the advantages offered by the old centres to diminish; on the other hand, their disadvantages, in such shapes as high local rates and militant trade unionism, are tending to increase. Whatever the causes, the trend is unmistakable. We find the Factory Inspector writing in his annual Report of "the areas surrounding London which continue to develop industrially in a remarkable manner," and of "the astonishing prosperity of Coventry and district." In its October issue the MINISTRY OF LABOUR GAZETTE publishes for the first time a table giving the percentages of unemployment among insured workpeople separately for each Employment Exchange Division. This yields the following results:—

	Percentage Unemployed at September 20, 1926.	Increase (+) or Decrease (-) in Percentages as compared with a year ago.
London ... ... ...	6.7	-0.2
South-Eastern ... ... ...	4.8	-0.1
South-Western ... ... ...	7.7	-0.5
Midlands ... ... ...	13.2	+3.4
North-Eastern ... ... ...	19.6	+3.1
North-Western ... ... ...	17.3	+4.4
Scotland ... ... ...	17.3	+1.8
Wales ... ... ...	20.6	-0.1
Northern Ireland ... ... ...	22.1	-2.4
Great Britain and Northern Ireland	13.9	+1.9

The contrast between the three southern divisions and the rest of the country, revealed in the first column, is noteworthy; hardly less noteworthy, we would suggest, is the divergent trend during the past year under the influence of the coal stoppage. If, in place of figures of unemployment, we could obtain figures showing the changes that have taken place in the volume of employment during the past five or six years, it is safe to say that a much more striking contrast would be exhibited.

The picture disclosed by these various tendencies is not, we would emphasize, by any means wholly a discouraging one. If there is depression and decline in some industries, there is expansion and development in others. If an appallingly large part of the productive powers represented by our workpeople and our machinery have been standing idle for years past, and, unless we bestir ourselves about the matter, seem likely to stand idle for years to come, we have none the less been producing enough to maintain the general standards of life. If the volume of our exports, instead of increasing steadily as it used to do, is deplorably below the pre-war level, we have none the less been exporting enough, year in and year out, to purchase our necessary imports and leave a margin over for foreign investment which is quite substantial. In short, the tendencies which are at work, if only we can adapt ourselves to them, and make clear-sighted any readjustments that may be necessary, point to a new sort of

equilibrium which is perfectly consistent with increasing national well-being.

But if we refuse to recognize what is happening, if we invest all our hopes for the future on a restoration of the pre-war equilibrium, we are likely to plunge deeper into trouble. At the root of the mishandling of the coal problem, at the root certainly of the encouragement which industrialists and financiers have prevailingly extended to the coal-owners in their disastrously uncompromising attitude, there lies a complex of false notions linked together by the assumptions that it is possible to get back to the sort of equilibrium that we had before the war, and that our national prosperity is staked upon our doing so. It is not by looking in this direction that we shall shake off our industrial *malaise*.

## AUTHORITY IN POLITICS

By GRAHAM WALLAS.

M. R. NORMAN ANGELL in "The Public Mind" patiently repeats the lesson of "Europe's Optical Illusion" which he brought out five years before the war. He reveals again the hideous dangers into which mankind are led by their present inability to recognize the plainest facts or to draw the most obvious conclusions, when the process of rational thought conflicts with certain primitive passions. There is, perhaps, no idea in his book which he has not stated before, and about a third of its pages are taken up with two articles, one, on Lord Northcliffe, written at the time of his death, and the other, written in 1896, in an American newspaper, on the agitation for war against England which followed Cleveland's Venezuela message. But the book is strangely moving. Thirty years of practice as a writer of unpopular books and articles, a lecturer to hostile audiences, and a humanitarian parliamentary candidate at two or three elections, have shown him how to make his lesson tell. There is no word of anger, or sign of disappointed hope; he sets out as simply as possible those arguments which his experience has proved to be most likely to penetrate that scale-armour which protects from shock the thinking apparatus of *homo sapiens*. He argues, first, that the ordinary citizen cannot hope to find, by his own undirected thought, the solution of innumerable political problems in which a single mistake may bring national or international disaster; and next that the plausible expedient of a dictatorship will not help us, because a dictator cannot rule in the modern world unless he is also a demagogue. His question is for all of us the riddle of the Sphinx, and I shall here try to indicate one answer to it rather in my own words than in those of Mr. Angell.

We have been enabled to reach our present level of material civilization because the ordinary man and woman is willing to trust on material problems the authority of the scientific expert. The preliminary condition of that trust is that the ordinary man shall be able to distinguish between the true expert and the false. We may wonder why, in the thirteenth century, the craftsman or merchant or monarch did not trust to the leadership of Roger Bacon. But how were men at that time to discover that Roger Bacon was trustworthy, and that Albertus Magnus was not? We have, however, in our time, remade our material environment, and nearly doubled the length of human life, because during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we discovered that men of a certain type—Galileo, or Harvey,

or Lavoisier—by using certain mental processes, formed judgments as to the probable effects of physical causes which the event proved to be sound; and because we then formed certain institutions—learned societies, joint stock companies, universities, and the like—and certain habits of mind, which enabled us to recognize such men and their methods and accept their authority. We have been helped to do this by an enormous improvement in the accuracy of scientific observation and record, and therefore in the reliability of scientific evidence. Our telescopes and mathematics enable us in a few months to distinguish between Einstein and a modern Paracelsus, and our microscopes and clinical records enable us to distinguish between Sir James Mackenzie and either a self-satisfied Harley Street pontiff or one of the swarm of advertising owners of patent medicines. We do not, however, make Einstein or Sir James Mackenzie dictators; the "authority" of a modern man of science is something more subtle and more elastic than the authority of Pope Urban VIII. over Galileo, of Plato's Guardians over his Republic, or of the fathers of "Solomon's House" over the inhabitants of Francis Bacon's New Atlantis. On the material side of life, the presence of this subtle authority has during the last hundred years changed the essence of the relation between buyer and seller, minister and official, employer and employed, without always changing its form. It enables men and women who are ignorant of the particular sciences concerned, to trust, at second, or third, or fourth hand, certain types of personal character and ability, and certain intellectual methods, and to transfer, without a revolution, authority from those who fail to other persons and other methods. And the same conditions which create that respect for scientific authority among the ordinary citizen have also helped to change the mental attitude of the scientific men themselves. In so far as the scientist knows that his hypotheses will be exactly recorded and exactly and publicly tested, he is enabled to resist the temptation to prefer the easier to the more difficult method of thought, or to exploit for his own purposes the credulity or suggestibility of his fellow citizens.

In politics, no such change has taken place, partly because the problems of polities stimulate our instinctive passions more powerfully than do the problems of natural science, but mainly because we have not yet learnt to ascertain and record causes and consequences in politics as quickly or as exactly as in natural science. The ordinary man can rely fairly safely on the complex system of authority by which he distinguishes between the natural scientist and the charlatan. But neither he nor a university professor can, except by his own knowledge and insight, distinguish between the political reliability of Bottomley or Hearst or Northcliffe, and that of Peel or C. P. Scott or Nansen.

This problem divides itself into two parts, the authority, in politics, of institutions and types of institutions, and the authority of individuals and types of individuals. A hundred years hence we may have so developed our forms of intellectual co-operation that the ordinary citizen, when seeking guidance on such questions as the making of war or peace, or the regulation of marriage, or the political relation between Europe and the tropics, may find it much safer than it now is to trust to the authority of the holders of certain offices or the representatives of certain corporations or Churches. But, for the moment, political society is at a more primitive stage, and, in the allocation of political authority, we must still be largely guided by the individual record of individual statesmen. And in politics, as in the natural sciences, the development of authority either for individuals or for corporations depends on the preliminary condition of accurate evidence.

Ninety years ago the British public could not rightly decide whether to trust, in the complex problem of factory legislation, to Dr. Ure or Lord Shaftesbury, or to factory owners or factory inspectors, and could only begin to do so when a series of Royal Commissions had acquired the habit of ascertaining and publishing the truth, whether pleasant or unpleasant, as to what happened in the factories.

In allotting political authority to individuals or organizations on the problems of peace and war the inhabitants of Great Britain and France have not yet reached this elementary stage of access to reliable evidence. Our late German and other enemies are better off in that respect. Every German thinker who signed, in 1914, the declaration of the intellectuals is known. In a future crisis every German citizen will be helped by the fact in deciding whom he shall trust; and every German thinker, before he signs another declaration, will be more inclined to make a painful and difficult effort of thought. The statements of the leaders of the Lutheran Church are also on record, and the German citizen is thereby helped to decide whether he shall trust that Church for political guidance or look elsewhere; while the Church leaders themselves are now less likely than they were in 1914 to be swept off their feet by a militarist newspaper agitation. The publication of the Kaiser's annotations on State papers may prevent the restoration of the Hohenzollern monarchy.

French or British citizens are not so fortunately situated. Somewhere in London or Paris there is a list of the three hundred Members of Parliament whom Lord Northcliffe, when already suffering from nervous disease, induced to sign the telegram to Mr. Lloyd George in 1919. It will be a disaster if those names are never published, if British citizens remain without that vitally important evidence, and if British politicians are shielded from the fear of being brought to account, which is perhaps the only sufficient motive leading men to submit to the agony of discovering and expressing unpopular truths.

The present Archbishop of Canterbury has probably forgotten by this time his telegram in November, 1918, to the Archbishop of Upsala. His successor will never hear of it; and he and his clergy and their congregations will learn nothing from that event and its results. It is, again, nearly as vital to the existence of confidence in future Government statements that we and the rest of the world should know the exact facts as to who was responsible for sending the *Kadaver* story to China, as it is vital to scientific authority that the exact truth should be known as to the displacement of Mercury by relativity during the last eclipse. But though one official on behalf of one British department has denied responsibility, we may never know who was responsible, until it is too late to profit by our knowledge. It is only this year that the ordinary British citizen, when seeking for guidance on Indian policy, has been allowed to know that, ever since 1857, written evidence has been in existence, and has been known by the inner circle of the Indian Government, proving that, in spite of the denials which have been and will be published in our history text-books, the cartridges issued to the sepoys were smeared with the fat of cows and pigs.

As I close Mr. Norman Angell's book, I feel, once more, that for us in this generation, in so far as we are permitted to know the truth, the most wholesome source of political authority will be the personal credit of those few political thinkers who have shown themselves able to follow reason through the mists and gales of organized passion. And in the next world-crisis Mr. Angell may find that his thirty years of patient modesty and courage, and the constant support of his judgment by the event, have brought it about that his words will be listened to because they are his.

## THE CHILDREN OF LONDON

London takes pride in its care for children. A number of its institutions are always on view to colonial and foreign visitors: many admirable schools, some special hospitals, wards and treatment centres, one or two open-air schools for tuberculous children, many well-used pitches for cricket and football in the parks. The County Authority deems itself a model guardian of its little ones. And, indeed, if one makes comparison with the state of things forty or fifty years since, it is clear that the lot of many London children has been alleviated.

Yet much of this display is façade only. Behind lies a huge warren of remediable misery and squalor. Squalor in our public institutions even. The unvisited purlieus, the institutions not for show, would shock any fresh eye. One is forced to argue that our Councillors, legislators, and publicists visit only the scenes selected by their official escorts.

In many respects the mass of children are in worse case than their predecessors of twenty years back. To take one instance: children are worse-housed, worse-kennelled, than a generation ago. Then, by the active enforcement of special by-laws, the cellar-dwellings were being cleared. To-day, one may find cellar tenements (not mere basements, but dwellings whose ceilings are contiguous with the pavement) within a mile of Imperial Westminster, of the County Hall, of Fleet Street. Yet even Fleet Street ignores them. To-day, the sanitary inspector dare not displace any large proportion of the tenants of these dens, still less of the above-ground dwellings in vile disrepair. Everybody blames France for not taking the obvious measures for the repair of its finances. Who blames England, and London, for their neglect of the hope of the future?

Again, "necessitous" children, in comparatively small numbers, receive in London one substantial meal per diem. Others receive milk and medical comforts, in accordance with the provisions of the Act. One may be gratified by the sight. But the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath are solemnized for the children of London by the withdrawal of the meal. No visitors need apply on Saturday or Sunday. The Rhondda authority, bankrupt after three years of short time in the mines, and now swamped by a mass of locked-out unemployed, can yet manage to provide for its children two good meals a day (costing sixpence per head), and seven days a week. London does not recognize that the children it doses and feeds may need food in the holidays. Her "necessitous" children have extra-short commons during holiday time, unless their parents conduct them to the Guardians, the very contingency that the Act was designed to prevent, with all its implications for the school-child.

It is good to see the care expended on tuberculous children in the open-air schools. It is painful to know of the large number who need such treatment and do not receive it. There are long "waiting lists" for these schools, lists of children excluded from the ordinary schools by reason of the danger of infection for other pupils. Children who languish into ignorance, if not into ill-health past remedy, in poor homes. They are not State-insured persons, and cannot claim sanatorium treatment as a right. They can only stand and wait, or lie and wait. Yet remedial treatment is certainly cheaper than the spread of disease, and burial at the public expense.

In the stress of the war, London closed down its open-air schools and park-classes. The Council reported that a medical officer (anonymous) had advised them that tuberculous children were as well off in ordinary playground classes as in the special classes heretofore provided with special nurses and expert teachers. One can only believe

that our Councillors and Aldermen have never seen the dusty asphalted playgrounds of our primary schools. And what can the medical officer have seen? Be that as it may, during the war it was impossible to obtain space in the daily Press for protest. But the odd circumstance is, that when some time after the Peace the open-air schools and bandstand classes were restarted, this was hailed in inspired articles in sundry newspapers as a *new departure*, as new evidence of new philanthropy. Does this not indicate a bad conscience somewhere? The then Education Officer was waylaid at a meeting and the blunt question put to him: "Why were the open-air schools and park-classes shut down during the war, and only reopened when the relaxation of passport restrictions brought a fresh stream of foreign visitors to be shown over them?" His answer was simply: "There are some things which can not be explained."

But surely the Council may now be asked to explain why its provisions have not yet caught up with the need, why its schemes and intentions of twenty-odd years ago have not yet been executed. The official answer will be, with a measure of Spenlow and Jorkins truth in it, that the Board of Education has lately intervened to cut down grants. But this will not explain the Council's failure under the régimes of Messrs. Fisher and Trevelyan. Nor its failure in many other departments.

For this is not the only instance in which benevolent plans have been held up. Insanitary school-buildings, scheduled as "condemned" before the war, are still in use, and in no better state of repair.

Nearly thirty years since it was resolved that the scandal of classes of unteachable size should be ended. By gradual process classes were to be brought down to forty for the elder scholars, and to forty-eight for infants. Though why the tots should be herded into larger groups for instruction no one can say, except that they occupy less space per soul. And, by the way, the Board's official figures for minimum floor-space and air-volume for bodies have lately gone by the board. Since 1914 the official process of reduction has received a sharp check, and the authorities seem waiting on the decline of the school-population. And here let no one rely entirely on official figures. This year the proportion of classes numbering not more than forty is rather higher than before. But the existing Council has not taken the British idea of beginning by cutting down the classes of fifty-five and sixty scholars. These are still to be found, but are not visited by folk with passports. It has adopted what one may style the French finance method of tackling the minor evil. It has visited the classes which contained but forty-two, forty-three or so, and taken out the few odd scholars. In this way the official façade of statistics has been improved. To the fortunate few who have had a measure of chance of education, more has been given. From those who have not, from the classes of sixty tucked away out of sight in "slum-schools," even that which they had has been taken away; notably, the chance of a prompt visit of a "supply-teacher" when their own teacher falls sick, and the chance of close supervision by the head-teacher. And teachers do very often fall sick in such schools and classes.

The price of the well-being of our children is eternal vigilance—exercised by benevolent and critical visitors, who will tell what they have seen. Our authorities are more sensitive to the opinion of outsiders who can make odious comparisons than to the bald facts of the needs of children.

May one not plead that native visitors, as well as passported sightseers, will visit, and keep on visiting, those districts which are not quite so accessible from the County Hall, which lie off the usual round? The beyond-bridge dock areas, say? Or even Southwark, Rotherhithe,

Hoxton, the Lisson Grove district, any of the areas scheduled as Black Areas by Charles Booth forty years since? They are still dirty-grey, at least, for children.

Fresh eyes are needed. And clear voices. It will be found that London lags. And not even the institutions which London deems fit seem good to the outsider. To quote but one example: Grant Brown (in "Burma as I Saw It," page 69) says: "In hospital provision Burma is far ahead of England. It was somewhat of a shock to me to visit a well-known London hospital after going over the perfectly appointed building in Rangoon." Let Rangoon flourish. And let London be even as Rangoon in this respect.

There are, or were till lately, fewer juvenile delinquents in London. But many of our best children are used no better than the delinquents among the happier subject peoples. The boys of a well-known North London Secondary School, many of them selected for County Council scholarships as specially able and deserving, are now housed by day in what was a short while back a semi-penal institution for truants. And if Grant Brown had visited Wandsworth Prison, the apportioned home of the "old lags," he would have found unconvicted boys, *on remand*, housed in the same grim institution. That may be the fault of Surrey rather than London. Yet it may be asserted that many of our honest young hopefuls would be better off in Borstal institutions than in London institutions. As it is, London, and England, spend very much more per head on their "mentally deficient" children than on the best of the children in their primary schools.

Will no one write of "London as I Saw It"? Or, for that matter, of the Home Counties, of England, as it may be seen by those who have eyes to see?

AGGRESSIVE.

## THAT QUESTIONNAIRE

[Two of our correspondents, one of them Mr. H. G. Wood, have recently suggested that the other "assessors" whom we consulted in framing our Questionnaire on Religious Belief, should be invited to follow Mr. Wood's example and express their views on the results of the inquiry. Mr. J. M. Robertson states his views below. ED., NATION.]

FOR more than one of the "consultants" whose names have been associated with the religious questionnaire issued by THE NATION and adopted by the DAILY NEWS, there is, I suspect, a preliminary difficulty about commenting on the results. That difficulty is that there was never any all-round consultation. The editor will bear me out when I say that I saw, in advance, only a set of six or seven questions, in one or two of which I suggested verbal modifications. To a number of the questions which were added later I should never have assented, inasmuch as they were neither good questions in themselves nor fitted to clear up the issue between Mr. Wood and Mr. Woolf in which the matter originated.

But, taking the result for what it is worth, I find it not only interesting but instructive and encouraging. Of course, a broadcast questionnaire cannot fulfil the requirements of a scientific statistic. On the one hand, Mr. Wood's raising of the issue tended to whip up readers of his way of thinking; on the other hand, as the vote on No. 10 indicates, there are many church-goers who are not orthodox believers; and, further, many non-believers have still to recognize that there are social and economic penalties on unbelief, and accordingly may scruple to say even in answer to a questionnaire what they are careful not to say to many of their friends. Still the answers received by

THE NATION go very far to justify Mr. Woolf and to disown Mr. Wood, in that they show a marked majority for agnosticism in all essentials.

Putting aside the dogma of transubstantiation as specifically Catholic, one must reckon the voting on Genesis, inspiration, the indirection of Nature, and the doctrine of a personal God, as conclusively proving the predominance, among the answerers, of the negative view on those four typical issues. On the other hand, we have the significant fact that there are more people regularly attending church than are prepared to avow a belief in a personal God, or in the divinity of Jesus, or in the supernatural inspiration of the Bible. This circumstance, surely, is a signal proof of the decay of faith within the pale of the Churches themselves. The fact that rather more people profess a belief in some "form of Christianity" than the number who accept no "form" of it, may fairly be held to mean only that a great many describe as a form of Christianity a body of ethical sentiment which really excludes belief in the central Christian doctrines. One might say that the Churches in general are growing Unitarian, were it not that they seem to be on the way to becoming non-theistic.

That the figures of the DAILY NEWS inquiry should show a larger proportion of orthodoxy is what was to be expected. Most journalists, I suppose, would agree that the audience of the DAILY NEWS is in the mass less studious than that of THE NATION: the staff of the NEWS, I feel sure, would take no offence at the suggestion. But when the voting of the readers of the NEWS, largely standing for middle-class Nonconformity, reveals in its turn very noticeable percentages of rationalism, we have a quite adequate justification of the view that the historic Christian creed is in process of dissolution. It is true that this might have been said in the eighteenth century apropos of the spread of Deism, which, after the French Revolution, was followed by an orthodox English revival. But that revival, springing on the one hand out of the political reaction, and on the other hand out of the effect of demotic pietism (notably Wesleyanism) on the Church of England, was not, properly speaking, an intellectual process. To-day, rationalism is broadly bottomed on science and scholarship. Let these have free way, without any serious social convulsion, and the next age must apparently be much more rationalistic even than this; though, for economic reasons, Churches will probably long subsist.

In my youth, what surprised me most, in these matters, was not the particular adhesions of educated Churchmen to inculcated beliefs—though, in the matters of prayer and miracles, these were surprising enough—but the ostensible failure to see the broad historic fact that all religions are impermanent. To say that all the pagan faiths of East and West were false, but that the Hebrew faith was true so far as it went, and that Christianity was the final truth, seemed to exhibit such a blindness to the nature of things in general that one could explain it only in terms of the factor of inculcated habit which accounted for all the previous faiths. And that factor is still obviously at work. It is still customary, indeed, to assert that man is a religious organism, who spontaneously theologizes. But probably nobody would to-day suggest that the spontaneous theology of any educated man, untrained on the Christian side, would be anything like Christianity.

If, on the other hand, the "educated man" is properly instructed in hierology, mythology, and anthropology, the chances are now, as it seems to me, at least ten to one against his reaching any theology at all—or, if the term be quibbled over, any religion. For all organized religions have at all times been matters not of spontaneous, but of inculcated belief. Three hundred years ago Montaigne could see that men's religion is in general determined by

their region of birth; and three thousand years ago Greek rationalism went even deeper in regard to all anthropomorphic theism. Such theism, we can gather from THE NATION's inquiry, is now on the way to disappearance among educated people. And the situation is certainly not broadly different in France and Germany, whatever may be the case in Italy, Spain, and the United States.

Possibly (though I doubt it) Mr. Wood may find permanent comfort in the fact that orthodoxy survives better among the less studious. But this is an attitude which can hardly recommend itself to serious moralists. The proposition that the multitude "need" a supernaturalist creed does not merely evade the question whether the creed is true, but implies indifference as to that issue. And this indicates a situation in which "religion" stands at a plain moral disadvantage. A hundred years ago the fervent believer took it for granted that the "infidel" was "not a good man." To-day, that attitude survives mainly among the least cultured. But now the rationalist would seem to be entitled to ask whether the religionist who does not care whether his religion is true or not can really be "a good man." He is doing exactly what used to be falsely charged on the utilitarian—deliberately subordinating truth to a supposed utility.

If, as the figures before us seem clearly to show, considerate agnostic opinions predominate among the people most given to reading and thinking, the reasonable inference is that, as reading and thinking grow more common in all classes, that preponderance will increase. Of course, it may be argued on the (technically) religious side that there is "no fear" of any ultimate preponderance of the reading and thinking habit in the mass of any population. But that is another issue, not raised in the original pronouncement of Mr. Woolf which elicited Mr. Wood's challenge, and involving large problems of "progress," of social movement, and of biological law. I therefore do not raise it here.

I may add that the figures which came nearest to surprising me were those of the voting on question 4, as to immortality. In THE NATION's table there is only a majority of seventy-five against. I should have expected the majority to be larger. But when even the NEWS table shows one in four expressing disbelief, there can be small question that there too we witness the decay of faith.

J. M. ROBERTSON.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

SIR JOHN SIMON'S speech at the big North London meeting was shockingly reported. Most papers thought a paragraph sufficient for a singularly able and broadminded address. I suppose there is nothing spicy in a mere plea for common sense and conciliation to settle the worst industrial disaster of modern times. It is conventional to complain of Sir John Simon as lacking in humanity. This is grotesquely untrue. No one of ordinary judgment can meet him or even listen to him and fail to realize that Liberalism possesses in him a man of deep and sincere feeling as well as a mind of peculiar delicacy in winding its way into the heart of a problem. No notice has been taken of a sentence in the speech which, if it means anything, means that Sir John Simon is ready to leave the past alone and work for Liberalism with *all* the other Liberals. The master words are "united action." Sir John Simon happily does not possess the clan spirit that pursues a quarrel merely because someone on your side started it. It is not necessarily cynicism to say that what is most useful to a politician is the ability to forget some of his past performances.

Mr. Runciman, who is easily our best speaker on Free Trade, has been disturbing the atmosphere of the Imperial family party with a few blunt truths about Preference. Mr. Bruce, who, as he says, is always asking for plain speech, has got it. Mr. Bruce is reminded that while he is over here giving us his impressive discourses on what Australia is doing and has done for us, his own Commerce Minister at home, a notorious Protectionist, is pushing for a tariff to keep out our steel. It is really clearing the air to be reminded, if a trifle brusquely, that Imperial sentiment goes for singularly little when it is a case of powerful business interests pressing a Government to protect them. They want to be protected against their brothers just as much as against the stranger. It is true, of course, that Mr. Bruce is saying little or nothing about Preference this time. Like a sensible man he makes a virtue of necessity. There is, as people say, nothing doing.

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It is easy enough to make melancholy fun of the London County Council as provider of London's requirements in art. Mr. Ernest Newman has been doing it unmercifully over the question of a municipal orchestra for London. Mr. Newman has been abused by a Councillor in return, but really the situation is quite as absurd as he made it appear. The L.C.C., desirous of finding out whether a municipal orchestra is possible for London, solemnly refers the problem to the Parks, Small Holdings and Allotments Committee. An elaborate report is issued stuffed with details collected from other towns here and abroad, ending with the recommendation that nothing should be done. If instead of all this ridiculous labour the L.C.C. had consulted even one intelligent musical Londoner! Any expert could have told them in half an hour what a municipal orchestra for London would cost. The truth is the L.C.C. has no machinery for dealing with the art life of its constituents—with London as a cultural whole. Hence the farcical employment of the Parks, Small Holdings and Allotments Committee. Yet, if it is a matter of destroying Waterloo Bridge, a notable work of art, the Council is disastrously efficient.

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No one would naturally look to the Empire Marketing Board as a patron of original work in the arts. Yet that is what it has shown itself to be in choosing the designs for the three silver cups that are to be given to shopkeepers who make the finest display of Empire fruit in their windows. Instead of ordering ready-made cups or buying replicas, the Board has chosen to help a reviving English craft. The cups are likely to have a great influence upon the standard of ornamental silver work of this kind, which will be most useful, for in no native art work does design cut so poor a figure as in our sporting and competitive cups. The cups are to be seen at the Royal Academy. The strangest is the work of Mr. Harold Stabler, the arts and crafts worker, and is a tall faceted cup with two crowned lions seated on brackets, and a top in the form of a basket of fruit. Mr. Charles Holden, the architect, has designed a cup of a beautifully simple classical shape, and Mr. Gerard, the sculptor, has produced a strange and interesting cup suggesting Early Christian design, ornamented by a frieze of flying birds and figures and men gathering fruit, deeply cut in the cup, which is hammered, not turned on the lathe. If the Board is as enterprising in business as in helping art it should do well.

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Astronomers anxiously explore the pink deserts of Mars for signs of almost certainly non-existent life. Meanwhile there are vast regions of our own neglected planet, teeming with life and activities of which we know nothing at all. What does the word Colombia connote to most of

us? A revolution every month most likely. (As a matter of fact Colombia has abstained from revolutions for twenty-three years.) I was talking with a Manchester expert who has been exploring this mysterious country with a view to its cotton growing possibilities. Colombia is as big as Germany and France put together—a country of wild extremes of mountain and plain, heat and cold, ancient and modern. Much of what he said was like a fairy tale for its strangeness. Colombia seems to be indulging in a feverish orgy of modern progress. In some parts of the coast it is clear that this "progress" is thoroughly demoralizing for the natives brought violently into contact with American commercialism. In the interior, in a vast district called Antioquia, there is a population which is just as careful, pushful, and upright in its dealings, "like Scotsmen in England," and there is tremendous energy in road and railway making. The sudden enlightenment one gets in this way about an unknown patch of the earth is more exciting for me than all the speculations about Mars.

One of the chief maladies of that—to me—mournful place, the Zoo, is what is called "cage ennui." The animals are eternally bored, precisely as active-minded prisoners are bored in their cells. The experts will tell you the effect of lethargy in lessening resistance to disease. The latest device for putting more life and healthy activity into the caged creatures is to give them stimulating doses of ultra-violet rays. The whole Zoo will in time be roofed and windowed with the new glass that lets in these vital rays. Ordinary glass excludes them. Wonderful results have been achieved by the experimental use of this glass; the monkeys, those frail and sensitive creatures, are twice as cheerful and lively. The high monkey mortality rate goes down rapidly. The great new Monkey House which is now being built is to have this "Vitaglass" throughout. This is a case of trying it on the dog. It is curious that a change which would be of the utmost value to us human beings in our cages, or houses, should be introduced first into the Zoo. If they are good for monkeys, ultra-violet rays ought not to be withheld from the human young. At present this glass is too expensive for the mere human cage: It costs, I believe, two or three times the price of ordinary glass. In the meantime the Zoo is doing good health propaganda. It is doing for its charges what an enlightened community would resolutely undertake to do for the human prisoners in cities.

There is in my experience no form of literary hard labour worse than the reading of minor memoirs. The smaller the personality the more merciless as a rule is the prolixity of his or her, especially her, confidences. An anxious candour about trifles is the characteristic of most of these highly priced substitutes for the gossip column in the newspaper. They are often as revealing as the pompous inscription on a tombstone, and as heavy as the tombstone. It was a pleasure the other day to come upon an autobiography that was short, sharp, and genuinely interesting. I have read none of the other works of its author, Mr. Edgar Wallace, but I have seen him at Epsom on Derby Day, where he was pointed out to me as a wonderful judge of a horse. I believe he can spin a first-rate shocker. His little life story is marked by a rough veracity of statement which I found most refreshing. Mr. Wallace was brought up by a Billingsgate fish porter, and he has knocked about the world in all sorts of jobs and with violent ups and downs of fortune. What I most like in his book—"People" is the name of it—is the manly and entirely unsentimental love and knowledge of the poor. This is a rare thing in literature. In a few curt chapters at the beginning Mr. Wallace

gives a notably convincing picture of the life and mentality of the people who live, unknown forever to the polite, in the jungle of the East End.

Those whose task it was to appoint a successor to Dr. Charles Wood as Professor of Music at Cambridge University, were faced with a difficult problem. Most people will agree, I think, that they have solved it successfully in choosing Mr. Edward Joseph Dent as the next Professor. Mr. Dent has been associated with Cambridge for long enough to know the advantages of his new position. At the same time he is one of the few English critics with a European reputation. As President of the International Society for Contemporary Music, he has exercised a most important influence. In this position he has been acclaimed by all (except a very small and self-destroying minority) as a man of wisdom, profound learning, kindness, and tact. He is a well-known authority on Mozart and Purcell, and it was chiefly through his activity that a German performance of "Dido and Æneas" was recently given at Münster. The production was given according to a new edition made by himself. He has also recently made a new arrangement and translation of Mozart's "Requiem." He is responsible for one of the most enlightening and quickening books on music published during the last three years. This is "Terpander, or Music and the Future." Although very alive to modern developments and bias, he still finds himself in sympathy with much of the critical work of the late Sir Hubert Parry, and this perhaps explains (or is explained by) his open mind, his concise thinking, and his unimpeachable good taste. The new appointment will specially interest readers of THE NATION, as Mr. Dent was, until recently, the Musical Critic of this journal.

SMALL GIRL: "Mummy is going to have her hair shingled."

HER FATHER: "No she isn't. I forbid it."

SMALL GIRL: "Mummy can do as she likes. You are no real relation; she's only your wife by marriage."

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### LORD OXFORD'S RETIREMENT

SIR,—I notice in your columns of October 23rd, under the heading "Life and Politics," the following sentences relating to Lord Oxford's resignation from the leadership of the Liberal Party:—

"The pity of it is that the hour of his retirement should have been clouded by these wretched personal squabbles. They were utterly antipathetic to his large magnanimous nature, with its classic avoidance of the undignified, though it must be added in justice that his action began it."

May I be allowed a single comment on the words which I have italicized?

On May 10th, Mr. Lloyd George wrote to the Chief Liberal Whip, saying that he declined to meet his colleagues (including Lord Oxford) in consultation.

On May 20th, Lord Oxford wrote to Mr. Lloyd George, saying that he regarded Mr. Lloyd George's action as a grave matter, and stating why he so regarded it.

I should have thought it difficult, if only in view of these two dates, to substantiate the statement that the dispute originated with Lord Oxford.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT A. HUDSON.

Hill Hall, near Epping.  
October 27th, 1926.

[Kappa writes: "There is, of course, no dispute about the succession of events as set out by Sir Robert Hudson. Those who think, as he does, that Lord Oxford was right in publishing the letter of May 20th naturally regard Mr. Lloyd George's letter of May 10th as the cause of the dispute. Those who, like myself, happen to think that the importance of

Mr. Lloyd George's absence from the Shadow Cabinet meeting was absurdly exaggerated by Lord Oxford and his friends, and that the letter of May 20th was therefore unnecessary and in every way a misfortune for the party, do not agree with him that the blame rests upon Mr. Lloyd George."]

## OVERSEAS LOANS

SIR,—You are good enough to comment on my letter on this subject which appeared in your issue of the 30th ult., and to doubt whether we have "the wherewithal to invest" in foreign loans at the present time. The answer to that question is contained in the response of the public to the floating of the Belgium Government loan last week. Your City Editor appears to have anticipated this, but is fearful that it may entail a 6 per cent. Bank rate later on. This is evidently the mischief which you are afraid of when you write of locking the stable door, and describe my suggesting public economy as a means of increasing our resources as like advocating witch-burning as a cure for sea-sickness. I think you are unduly alarmed. The coal stoppage has, unfortunately, increased the supply of loanable capital owing to the depression of trade, and it is a good thing that we are able to employ it profitably in Belgium or anywhere else. It will stimulate and increase our export trade, and thus increase our "wherewithal."

I have had over twenty years' experience of trying to float loans in the City of London, but have yet to learn of any mechanism which you apparently believe can do this without reference to the situation. If the free market becomes overloaded with undigested securities, it will find a natural cure for such a state of affairs, which might take the form of a higher Bank rate. But even this, which I do not anticipate, would be preferable to the Treasury having the power to interfere with freedom of investment.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

November 1st, 1926.

[It is not a question of the market becoming overloaded with undigested securities. It is a question of an adverse balance of payments (in which foreign issues play an important part) leading to an outflow of gold, a contraction of the basis of credit, and a consequent depression of trade. Mr. Mason may consider a general depression of trade to be a "natural cure" for lending abroad more than our "wherewithal" for the purpose. Our manufacturers, traders, and workers will not agree with him.—ED., THE NATION.]

SIR,—In your footnote to Mr. D. M. Mason's letter in your last issue, you say: "The wherewithal to invest abroad can only come from a surplus of exports (visible and invisible) over imports." This statement surprises me. If a nation had no foreign trade at all, could not its citizens make savings and have the wherewithal to invest? Is there no profit made, and are there no savings effected out of such profit, on the enormous internal trade of this country? Surely our overseas trade is only a portion of our trade and the savings made from it are only a portion of our savings. Or am I mistaken in holding this view? If I am correct, we should always have the wherewithal to invest, abroad or at home, so long as the losses on our foreign trade did not exceed the savings out of the profits on our home trade.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. CROOK.

6, St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, N.W.1.  
October 30th, 1926.

[An overseas loan, at the time it is made, is equivalent, from the point of view of the balance of foreign trade, to an import of commodities. It is an "invisible import" in just the same way as the subsequent interest or dividend receipts are invisible exports. Would Mr. Crook maintain that we could purchase food and raw materials from abroad out of the profits on internal trade, and, if need be, without any export trade at all?—ED., NATION.]

## THE COAL MINERS

SIR,—You praise the coal miners because they have preserved peace during the strike. But it takes two to make a fight. In the strike districts there has been a reign of terror, and there is now, except in those districts where it happens that, with the assistance of some of the trades union agents, a sufficient number of men have got together to protect themselves, but where the men are working, and where they are trying to get to work, the police have had to make desperate charges in order to drive away the ruffians who wish to prevent the miners from working. I fail to see that the miners deserve any praise.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

November 1st, 1926.

## BROWNING AND MR. BALDWIN

SIR,—In this week's NATION, your Parliamentary Correspondent applies to Mr. Baldwin the famous line:—

"Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell—  
Being—Who?"

May I continue the quotation?—

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

—Yours, &amp;c.,

BALDWINIAN.

## ANGLO-INDIA

SIR,—Mr. Aldous Huxley's wit is so scintillating that the middle-class mind of the middle-class European in India shrinks affrighted before his shafts of sarcasm. (By the way, to what class does Mr. Huxley belong?)

As the English official, "poor, insignificant, and of no breeding," is proverbially a dull dog, would Mr. Huxley explain whether he approves, or disapproves, of the attitude of reserve adopted by the I.C.S. man towards the "good-humoured, laughter-punctuated" comments of the Indians with whom he (the official) was dining, when his host and fellow-guests discussed "the time they had spent in gaol during the Non-Co-operation Movement"? Are we to consider that the Indians behaved with "disarming frankness" and the Englishman with "customary rudeness"? I refer to Mr. Huxley's article in your issue of September 4th.

The information that "a curious unwritten law decrees that European women shall dance *in public* with no Indian below the rank of a Rajah," is certainly interesting. Does this sentence imply that it is customary for English women to dance with Indians of any and every class in *private*? If so, the law is correctly described as curious. I know many Maharajahs, but I do not know one who dances, or wants to dance, either with English ladies or anybody else. In the "distant, hurried glimpse" Mr. Huxley caught of society in the Imperial capital of India, he managed to discern much that is not apparent to the circumscribed vision of those who have spent years in India.

His comments on the ruling Princes of India require a little correction. "A Maharajah, filled with insensate pride of" position, would be a more correct description than "pride of birth," for the simple reason that few Maharajahs possess long lines of distinguished ancestors. One famous and hugely wealthy chief belongs to the Cow-herd caste. Another, who is even more opulent, is descended from an eighteenth or seventeenth-century hookabadar (a servant who cleaned and refilled his royal master's hookah); and a third, who is greater and wealthier than either of the others, is the great-great-grandson of a slipper-bearer. Many others are descended from soldiers of fortune who rose to distinction because they were luckier or cleverer than their fellows. The Rajputs are blue-blooded inasmuch as their ancestors have been feudal chieftains for generations. The Potentate who claims the sun as his ancestor seldom leaves his State and never goes to Delhi. The solar body, after all, is the common ancestor of all living things, including "the meanest flower that blows" in the Indian official world and Mr. Huxley himself.

It would be interesting, too, to know whether "the pathetically grateful" young Indian, who was so diffident about accepting Mr. Huxley's proffered hospitality, was a Hindu or a Mahomedan? Possibly Mr. Huxley is unaware of the fact that an *orthodox* Hindu would be degraded in his own eyes and those of his co-religionists, should a crumb that had been touched by the most cultured European fingers pass his lips, and after he has shaken hands with a European he has to wash all over and change his clothes.

I doubt whether Marcel Proust would have devoted "scores of pages" to the subject of "the noble Anglo-Indian convention of dressing for dinner." Quite a lot of people who live in England dress for dinner. No doubt they are old-fashioned and do not belong to Mr. Huxley's set. Like Mr. Huxley, Proust was a caricaturist, but he was also a genius, and the word genius implies insight. Mr. Huxley sees nothing but the ridiculous, snobbish, pretentious side of Anglo-Indian life. Were he a genius he would be aware of the effort, the strain and the pathos lying beneath the surface absurdity.

As for the charge of over-eating, breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner, as well as early tea and supper, are consumed by English people all over the world, whether they live in Chelsea or Calcutta. I seem to remember that dinners and restaurant supper-parties are described in Mr. Huxley's novels. The Indian, possibly, eats only two meals a day, but he generally consumes as much in one sitting as the average Englishman can manage in two.

The wealthy Mahomedan eats just as much meat as the Englishman. A great many Hindus also eat meat. Ordinary, sensible English people in India do not eat tinned fish. They are sometimes obliged to pretend to eat it when they attend dinner-parties given by Indians.

I should like to know how Mr. Huxley clothes himself in the evening. Does he wear purple silk pyjamas, or does he enter his dining-room simply attired in an eye-glass? Or does he, peradventure, wear the same clothes all day?—Yours, &c.,

SIMON DE MONTFORD

### A PARIS FANTASIA

SIR,—It is doubtless extremely flattering that your reviewer should compare "Mr. Paname: A Paris Fantasia," with Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème," and Sir James Barrie's "The Little White Bird," even though the comparison be to my detriment. I cannot, however, permit this misleading classification. Criticism, arbitrary, casual, may pronounce a book bad or good, and the author should not complain. But I am entitled to protest against the assumption that I try to write like Pierre Loti, or to produce a novel "belonging to a kind" in which Barrie excels. It is already odd that two such dissimilar books as Barrie's and Loti's, coming from writers of vastly different temperaments and styles, should be listed together in this glib fashion; but that my book, which has no point of resemblance with either of them (incidentally, it contains at least four chapters of downright satire on certain political, religious, scientific, and artistic creeds) should be regarded as composed in "emulation of the delicate art" of Barrie and Loti, seems to me outrageously absurd. At once with pride and modesty, I affirm with Richard Plantagenet: "I am myself alone."

In explanation of my three-line dedication in French to Hilaire Belloc, I can only say that I think, perhaps erroneously, of dedications, though published, as semi-private things.—Yours, &c.,

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

248, Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

November 1st, 1926.

### THE FLEET AT BAY

SIR,—I see that in my review of "The British Navy in Adversity," I described Captain W. M. James as "an ex-director of the Royal Naval War College," when I should have written, and meant to write "Royal Naval Staff College." I cannot account for not noticing this slip of the pen in proof, and as misdescription is always an annoying form of error, I shall be obliged by your publishing this correction.—Yours &c.,

C. ERNEST FAYLE.

### THE QUESTIONNAIRE

SIR,—It is perhaps too much to ask to be allowed to push myself again into the Questionnaire discussion. But I greatly desire to suggest that the most important diagnostic evidence which has emerged is that of the widespread reluctance to identify human beings on the one hand with "Nature" (despite the general acceptance of the fact of Evolution), and on the other hand with "God" (despite the general acceptance of some form of Christianity). Take, as illustration, Professor Haldane's letter in your issue of September 4th, the third paragraph of which quite definitely isolates "human intelligence" from a (hypothetical) "purposive intelligence behind evolution." At the same time he is willing to admit the hypothesis of a God who regards Creation from outside of it as "a spectacle." This sort of thing leaves poor humanity suspended between Earth and Heaven, belonging neither to the one, nor to the other. No wonder we have sex problems, disease problems, and social problems. The early Christians aimed at being continent and communistic, not because they were cranks, but because their spiritual intuition taught them exactly what Science demonstrates in the theory of Evolution—namely, that "there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." (St. Paul to the Corinthians.) Therefore (St. Mark, xii.), "The first of the Commandments is . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart—soul—mind—strength . . . and thy neighbour as thyself." Thy neighbour, that is to say, is thyself. It follows that possessiveness, whether in love or economics, is contrary to the fundamental law of life. Butler makes this plain by the logic of Science, Bradley by the logic of metaphysics, and Blake by the logic of Art. The confusion about perfectly simple matters like Transubstantiation (no more and no less magical than digesting your dinner, though on a higher level of experience not yet translated into automatic habit), and the Lord's Supper (a straightforward symbolism—like that of the feeding of the five thousand—of the sharing of Life in order to enlarge and increase it) both arises from, and leads to, a horror of "bogey words" such as Socialism, Bolshevism, Anarchism, Communism.

As Dr. Cook says, the world begins to demand a new interpretation of traditional religion applicable to social-political problems. But the Church which Dr. Cook looks for is already in existence. It is the Liberal Catholic Church, founded before the war in Holland, upon an apostolic succession derived from traditional Catholicism. Its beautiful Liturgy may be obtained from the St. Alban Press, or from the Theosophical Publishing Co. It is designed to welcome to a common worship believers in all the ancient creeds, and the basis of its faith (known to mystics of all ages) is the Devotion from the Absolute Spirit and the Evolution back to It, of Life expressing itself by experience through the vehicles of multitudinous forms or types of creation. Perhaps there is here the germ of an idea which may reconcile Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc.—Yours, &c.,

E. JACOBS.

October 19th, 1926.

### "THE LIFE OF JESUS"

SIR,—Your reviewer declares that what is original in Mr. Murry's "Life of Jesus" is "the psychological interpretation of historical facts." May I point out that a remarkable work by the late Eva Gore-Booth, published in 1924, had originated this method? To her psychological and poetical approach to the study of Christ in the Fourth Gospel, she brought all her wonderful poetic gifts and understanding which hitherto had enchanted the readers of her poetry. While I do not wish to seem to depreciate Mr. Murry's work, whose contribution is a sincere and original effort, due mention must be made of Eva Gore-Booth's work, which is more profound and stimulating to many readers than Renan's "Vie de Jesus."—Yours, &c.,

T. P. CONWILL-EVANS.

12, Rutland Gate, S.W.7.

October 30th, 1926.

## YOUNG VOLTAIRE

*A Conversation between William Congreve and Alexander Pope, Twickenham, September, 1726.*

BY BONAMY DOBRÉE.

**P**OPE: Ah! Mr. Congreve! To see you is a rare pleasure. You are seldom abroad. I trust the gout has abated a trifle, and gives you a little ease?

Congreve: The warm day tempted me, and my Lady Marlborough had the kindness to say I might employ her coach.

Pope: I was offering myself the pleasure of resting in my new arbour. I would have your opinion of it—and of the burgundy my Lord Bolingbroke sent me t'other day. I will call my servant to give you an arm.

Congreve: No, no, I pray: my stick is crutch enough. That walk yonder is really admirable: it deceives the eye so greatly, that every time I see it I think it twice as long. It is as though one looked through a perspective glass by the muzzle end.

Pope: It is not in the style of your friend Sir John Vanbrook.

Congreve: Nay, Mr. Pope; he would have put it in his pocket.

Pope: Admire my arbour! It was not completed when you dined here in July with St. John, Swift, and Gay.

Congreve: It is very well. I would Swift had not flown back to his Boetia; he is the most agreeable of talkers.

Pope: Or would be, if only he could hear what others said. But sit you down: we will watch the sails glide past, and listen to the bleating of the sheep upon the farther side of the river; and to complete our pastoral—Boy! two flasks of the new wine, and some glasses!

Congreve: I like these retreats of ease and contemplation, where we can soothe time in pondering, and perhaps forget our care. Yet the vain intrusions of the world distract us the more when they occur, and I have not to thank you for delivering me over to a young friend of yours not long since.

Pope: Of mine? Have I friends unknown to me? My enemies are unnumbered—I am one of candour's sacrifices—but a friend?

Congreve: Monsieur de Voltaire.

Pope: Ah yes, I remember; he pined to adore you. Would you not consent to play the idol for an afternoon? Ah! the wine. Your health!

Congreve: Yours, Mr. Pope! But idols are not disgracefully fat, nor do they suffer the tortures of gout in the stomach. I cannot abide these runners after notoriety. I saw him advance fawning upon me, and knew he had come so as to be able to nurse the thought that he had met another bard, however much decayed. He seemed in a huff when I told him he beheld a plain English gentleman, for he did not wish to see me such as God and my infirmities have made me; he wished to see a name, the name of a man who had, an age ago, toyed with a poet's pen.

Pope: I trust he was not uncivil. You like this wine?

Congreve: St. John always had good taste—in wine. Not uncivil, but within measurable distance. He said he would not have put himself out to see me had I not writ "The Way of the World." After he had gone, I remembered some lines of Boileau I might have quoted, were not my brain so sluggish:—

"Que les vers ne soient pas votre éternel emploi,  
Cultivez vos amis, soyez homme de foi;  
C'est peu d'être agréable et charmant dans un livre,  
Il faut savoir encore et converser et vivre."

Pope: As though we were born to do nothing else but write!

Congreve: He seemed to think it the only employment.

Pope: He has indeed an itch for writing, not altogether for its own sake, but for *la gloire*. He would attain in life that princedom given to poets after they are safely dead: yet he sees himself crowned with laurel, ushered down the ages by Apollo.

Congreve: The myrtle makes a sweeter crown. But has he writ much?

Pope: His "Henriade" ought for length to put Blackmore to the blush: he would out-Homer Homer, make Sophocles dwindle beside him, and outvie Aristotle before breakfast. And haunted by the fear of dying before he has done these things, he scribbles a little faster every day.

Congreve: Is he sickly? I am sorry if I ruffled an ailing man.

Pope: Have no fear; he cossets himself like a queasy woman: if you had done the same when . . .

Congreve: Fy upon me! my glass is empty.

Pope: A thousand pardons! there; now it is the flask that is so.

Congreve: How did you come to know him?

Pope: He is a friend of St. John's, from his wretched Paris days, and must therefore be one of mine. He has fled from France owing to a drubbing some dandy gave him, and which he bloodily resents, so that . . .

Congreve: Better men than he have been cudgelled.

Pope: Mr. Dryden?

Congreve: Ay, Dryden, the master of us all.

Pope: In truth I like the man: he has a white-hot spirit in him, a ferreting mind, with impulses to friendship that must endear him to me. His speech is witty.

Congreve: I have heard it said he is a frivolous atheist.

Pope: A Deist, Mr. Congreve, a Deist! Come, both you and I have been accused of impiety.—Ah! you laugh.

Congreve: Indeed I grew too censorious. If Monsieur de Voltaire would out-Homer Homer, I must not out-Collier our fanatics.

Pope: He has a swollen admiration for our country, and would make his people followers of Locke, and think as ours do. He will, I believe, use a sharply satiric pen to work his ends.

Congreve: Satire is a weapon to use against poor morals and ill manners; argument and exposition alone can turn the tide of thought. Juvenal is one thing, Lucretius another. But to reform mankind is a wearisome and thankless task. I grew tired of showing men no better than monkeys, to look upon which always gave me mortifying reflections. And to what purpose? Is London nearer heaven than Athens was two thousand years ago? I think indeed there is a germ in men which, if they nurture it quietly within themselves, separates them from the brute creation, but which is lost in faction and the desire for fame. I am ageing now, Mr. Pope, and the eagerness of young men carries with it something infinitely pitiful that it hurts me to witness. I grow angry with myself for my pain, and resentful at them for making me angry. It was foolish of me to be vexed at your friend.

Pope: All his life some inward devil will thrust him on; he will think it is a wish for the betterment of mankind—which scarce deserves it—but which will nevertheless be for his own advancement. I think also his desire will be given him, for he will never grow to see the vanity of writing.

Congreve: Yet what are our desires when we have reached them? We crush the blossom as we pluck it, and

though Horace tells us to enjoy to-day, to-morrow is far more surely ours.

Pope : Another glass of burgundy, Mr. Congreve?

Congreve : You are pleased to banter me; I would not rob myself of your smile by a churlish refusal.

Pope : It was yours provoked mine; but indeed self-interest is a cruel task-master that will not let us be pleased with to-day.

Congreve : I have ever found the best enjoyment in sitting silently with those I love, watching their bodily graces, and listening to those of their minds as they talk. *Cultivez vos amis!* Wit and cheerfulness I have held dear, yours and Swift's and Gay's, and next to the sound of voices that I love, I have doted upon music. To-days have been mine indeed, many to-days that I shall not easily forget; but they have passed, and even while they lasted I could always see beyond them a morrow that had the sunshine without the shadow, the shadow of change, departure, and death. I have, perhaps, dwelt too much in this idle future to have given my friends the comfort that I ought; and now I have come to flee the uncertainty I once imagined gave zest to life, to repose upon the certainties of the past, and the works of the ancients, for they must soon be my everlasting to-morrow.

Pope : And the day after? *La gloire*, Mr. Congreve?

Congreve : Ah, Mr. Pope, that uncertainty is too great ever to be enjoyed. Who will think of us in two hundred years, or read our names, except, perchance, upon our tombstones? Let Monsieur de Voltaire carve his niche in that Protean temple if he will, but for me—her Grace's coachman waits. I must hobble back, and leave you to your pastoral hardships. Good-bye, and—do not forget—my service to Mrs. Blount.

## THE GAMEKEEPER

I WALKED on to the marsh. It stretched lonely, yellow green, to east, to west. At the far side it was bounded by the "sea wall"—a bank dividing land-plants from indiarubber sea-plants and a violet plain of sea-lavender—which curved towards the estuary and ships. Beyond, a careful ear could hear the wash of the sea. A pale evening sky stretched above marked by wisps of cloud; towards the sunset more were massed "edged with intolerable radiancy." A soft south-west wind blew, moving the grass very slightly. Far ahead of me moved three sportsmen, and just in front of me walked Joseph Stammers, the keeper, with his two dogs; he was wearing a soldier's coat and a large bag strapped across it; he was carrying a rough elm branch for stick; now and then he stopped, shading his eyes with his hand. We crossed dykes and opened gates, disturbing now herds of bemused cattle, now droves of horses, immense and rough-footed, who galloped noisily about us. Soon we reached the fleets and posted ourselves by the edge of one, taking cover behind the rushes and grass mounds sprinkled with thistles. Joseph Stammers sat down in a hollow of long grasses, the retrievers alert beside him, motionless. I could see them in profile sitting like stone dogs on the top of gate posts. If they happened to move Joseph would hit the ground with his stick and softly scold; the dogs immediately turned into statues. Then with sharp eyes he scanned the sky all round, and suddenly he whistled: a flight of duck were approaching, scudding swiftly, against the illuminated sunset, towards us. Would they notice the black dogs in the grass and rise higher, would they swerve aside seeking other water, or would they swoop, unaware of the guns towards the fleet? I crouched in the grass watching the

backs of the sportsmen, watching intently the sky—how rapidly the duck were flying! So fast did they move their wings they seemed to be trembling! Then all at once they rose, swerved, disappeared into the dark behind us. We waited again. I lay so low in the grass that I looked between its waving stalks; from the fleet came the croak of moor-hens and coots, from the marsh the cry of a plover. A gull flapped slowly over. Then came a whirring noise, and, unexpectedly, from the dark side of the world, and so very suddenly, appeared four duck, flying low. The shock of a shot; another; two duck fly on, scudding more agitated, swifter; two fall, across the pale sky, into the fleet.

I marked where the birds fell, and almost immediately I heard more shots from the furthest guns; a large flight were passing over the rushes; they dispersed, and two, trying to escape, were shot also by my neighbour.

The sun soon set, the clouds were all grey, but the sky retained its luminous beauty, intensified by the arrival of Venus, and the marsh, still, its yellow green colour. It is at this moment that the real sport begins, for the duck come in from the sea in great quantities to feed on the fleets. I left the guns and lay further away in the grass. I watched the lights appearing in the farms on the edge of the marsh, and I began to wonder whether the life of a farmer who has "a bit of rough shooting" were not the best life. Its general monotony, giving a sense of longevity, of a sort of security, of a surface of unbroken colour, seduced me, and the variety and excitement of its detail, based on practical problems, seemed less perplexing and less menacing than those of my own. And so I pondered on the lure of the country for the townsman, and on the lure of the town for the countryman. For me, weary of London, fatigued in body, confused in mind, imagination suppressed the fatigue of clods, the confusions of weather, the weariness of waggons. For me, lately aware of broken connections and frustrated contacts, imagination obliterated the vision of limited and irrevocable companionship. Remembering ceaseless chatter and the reverberation of echoes, I forgot the terrors of grim, unilluminated silence. Imagination showed me only cider brewed at home, lofts of apples, hayricks; the pleasures of uninterrupted delicate affections, of meditations leading towards an accumulation of wisdom; showed me ham and cheese, the flagged floor, the great grate before which hearts at last expand: outside, the winds of heaven, inside, the peace of god. "Space to move in, time to think in, and "l'inévitale séduction des faits qui se repètent," I murmured . . . while the sand-pipers flew low beside me, crying mournfully, and making that melancholy music which is the ritual of such a mood. But a noise jarred to mock me—the noise of a band—from over the estuary. It reached me—over how many miles of water and marsh?—the symbol of another world. Where have I heard that tune before? I asked myself. I remembered. It was at Olympia at Christmas and not men had danced to it but horses. What a vast turn of a wheel from Ned with the wagon, and Duke and Duchess bringing home the corn to those polished, harnessed creatures, bowing on hind legs, one front hoof waving! What a turn from pale Venus and a half-ring of moon and this now dark marsh to that brilliant jangle of brass trapezes, brass bands, spangles, hoops, and bicycles in the air! The band mocked, and suddenly a ribbon of fire rushed through the sky and burst into a falling fountain, the more to mock me . . . over the estuary there were fireworks . . . and my reverie was interrupted by the thought of Ned, lying like me somewhere on this marsh, wishing for town-life.

For him there was the sound of a band, the sight of a rocket but for him this tune was another music, partly the drum-taps to victory, partly a siren's song. Whither in

spirit was it leading him? Where I saw animals, how grotesquely, how ludicrously travestied! obeying the crack of a whip, performing a monotonous round, in the hurly-burly of creaking and whirling machinery, amongst the newest tricks of the latest of civilizations—the switchback, the whirligig, the wiggle-woggle—he saw twelve dancing princesses and a sleeping beauty; his feet must be tapping to the dance, his heart beating to the rhythm. Up went the snakes of fire—rifts in the dark; round whirled the Catherine Wheels—dazzling; away blazed and muffled the pillars of flame and cloud; and in the air, for a second, bloomed ethereal flowers—to me exquisite, but ephemeral, but rockets; to Ned, lamps of Aladdin.

Soon these came to an end and the thought of us each lying there on the earth was strange, parted only by the waving grasses, soothed by the same breeze, having seen, not only many various lights but a mirage, having heard, not only the cries of the sandpipers and the tune of a march, but the sound of lyres and flutes.

It had now become so dark that it was possible to mistake for a second a bat for a duck, and the noise of the dogs yapping and splashing in the fleet, in pursuit of dead duck and live coots, and the voices of the guns meeting, roused me to return home. The marsh was now magnificently cool and still; only the zig-zag flight of the bats, nervous, startled lost souls, broke the calm of the sky. Inevitably losing our way amongst the dykes we waited for Joseph Stammers to lead us back. He walked, contented beside us, carrying the trophy, and his jerky voice, criticizing the evening's sport, making preparation for tomorrow's, accompanied us as far as the road. There, where a hedge marked the edge of the marsh were a few hollow oaks and bushes. I remembered that between the branches of the oak, in a hole, Joseph had once shown me a trap to catch an owl, and along the bushes and from the branches still could be seen signs of his labours: a long row of corpses—owls, stoats and hawks, some white skeletons, unreal, old, like shells, some just mournfully dead—hung there as an example and a menace.

Next day I took a walk to find him to ask whether he had gone at dawn to seek the duck unretrieved the night before. I found him at last, down by the wood, where he had been feeding the young pheasants. Along a glade, on both sides, under the vast trees through which the sun shone, was a miniature village of coops. He whistled and immediately the village street was populated by hundreds of little hurrying forms who crowded towards him, almost inquisitively, as though they were discovering Gulliver.

On the way back he told me the numbers he had reared, he pointed out where would be the best drives in November; he told me how he had spent some of the morning ferreting, he described the damage the rabbits did, how he caught them, and how easy it was to break their necks. We laughed over his stick, a twisted elm with a curious crook, "like a dog's face—not much to look at but good to kill a rat with," he said—so we reached his house. Standing in the porch I could see all his sticks, blackthorns, elms, and ashes, in the hall, a nest of birds' eggs, a gun hanging on a nail, and above it, somehow fixed, a large glass box. Would I like to step in and see the birds' eggs? He showed them to me, all kinds, from the tiny golden crested wren's and the pure white pigeon's to the large, mottled, marbled gull's. In the glass box amongst some rushes and a piece of looking-glass, figuring water, stood a heron, a curlew, a redshank and a snipe, for ever still; against a bright blue sky a kingfisher was suspended:—

"What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape?  
Of deities or mortals or of both—?  
... What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?"

In another room, in other glass cases, were imprisoned a hedgehog and its young, two white weazels, stoats sprinkled with the blood of rabbits, two black and white spotted woodpeckers trimmed with scarlet—a male and female—clinging to an old branch, a very large woodcock, some solitary owls, standing like monks in cells, and his greatest treasure, a museum piece: a baby partridge with three legs and three wings. Outside in the yard the two retrievers lay stretched, asleep for the moment. I could see from the branch of a tree above them a large dead hawk hanging; it was rare and a great menace, so Stammers told me; he had killed it the day before. He showed me the length between the tips of its wings when spread out, wings of chestnut and grey feathers, powerful and lovely.

I left him standing in the porch, in his soldier's coat, smiling gently; he saluted me good-day.

As I walked away I thought of the end of Candide. I thought of Joseph Stammers; was he enviable? One could say of him, certainly, that, untroubled by castles in the air he was king of his own.

POLLY FLINDERS.

## WAR AND PEACE

HOW mysterious that after so many years, not inactive, not undramatic, nor passed without much delight and discovery in man and nature, I find myself frequently living over again moments of experience on the Western Front. The war itself with its desperate drudgery is not the predominant part of these memories—I need a more intense word than memories; it is Nature as then disclosed by fits and starts, as then most luckily encountered "in spite of sorrow," that so occupies me still. The mind suddenly yields to simple visions. Pale light striking through clouds in shafts, like the sunrays of Rembrandt, beyond the mute and destined tower of Mesnil, continues inextinguishably to lure me. The ramping weeds in their homespun fringing the chalky road to grim Beaumont Hamel seem to be within my reach. The waterfowl in the Ancre pools and reed-beds exchange their clanking monosyllables with an aerial clearness, as though there were no others in the ten years between. I think to pick up the rosy-cheeked apples fallen in the deserted, leaf-dappled, grassy gunpits in the orchards of Hamel. And then some word from my companion calls me to lose no more time with our bomb-boxes on the menacing village road.

Perhaps these moments recur according to the season, for it is now autumn, and our share in the Somme fighting began towards the end of a splendid August. Looking back a little to May and June, I see that this year I was chiefly haunted by seasonable recollections. Now it would be the moon on the white ghost of a house and the white-flowering bush before it in Festubert, with the noise of our ration waggons dying out along the road: now pale cherries, now buoyant apple-blossom brightened our restless camps a mile or two behind, with the guns at their hoarse work close by. Under a plank bridge carrying a trench tramway a nameless runnel whispered, with tiny fish revelling in their brief brilliant existence. Cars and lorries passed apace on the day's business below that twinkling, towering avenue of trees ranked northward out of Béthune—*species aternitatis*. A sudden sighing came through the swampy sedge behind unholy Cuinchy, to me standing alone near the last dreary silent cottage, under a sky of freakish monster-clouds and rainy sunset. And if this winter is not contrary to the last, I shall often seem to be in Flanders, while the smoky gloom of dull weather gloats upon the dark unfruiting clay, the sweating house-walls, the sulky stained ditches; or the spectral snow-light of dawn will begin to define the long shutters over the broken windows of some

punished white chateau, now untidily tenanted by genuine "old soldiers" in charge of stores. Against a bitter blue the jag of St. Jean church tower on the ridge will shiningly overtop the black spikes of trees while we stumble eastward on the glassy pavé; and then, swift relief!, I am on Mont Kokereele in the hurling gusts of rain, while the driven, withering bramble claws here and there in the air over the quarry and finds no rest, and the streaming hazels wrestle, until on a sudden the day brightens and we who dig there cease to dig, with words of delight and wonder. For to the south-east a new transparency seems created; the vast plain "sweeps with all its lessening towers" mile after mile, all calm, all distinct, villages and woods, towns and highways in the beauty of order; some of the gleaming churches mark our long past marchings, and beyond all like monuments of our experience we see the dominant Fosses of the black country towards Lens.

That brief phenomenon of magnified and purged sight, when the sun returned through the rain, may best explain what my words cannot,—the transforming clarity of such reperceptions as I have exemplified. At such moments one's mortal franchise seems to be enlarged, and a new sphere of consciousness opened. I go a great distance in no time, and hear bells rung in secret. Why should the war leave such effects? God forgive me if they were the only remembrance of the Western Front still vivid to me; in fact they are the singular prologues to long and strenuous enactments of a drama beside which, even in partial and imperfect view, Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts" lacks profundity and appalment. They are the puzzling, unanticipated, and ever swiftly concealed side of the picture, and as such I note them, wondering whether ordinary life without the fierce electricity of an overwhelming tempest of forces and emotions could project such deep-lighted detail.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

THE author of "Everyman" owes his position in English literature not to his piety, but to the fact that he was a writer of genius, like Pope or Shelley. Modern imitators however never seem able to make up their minds as to whether they are being pious or artistic. The authors of the "First Franciscans" (of which one performance was given on Saturday, October 1st, at Saint George's Hall), evidently hoped that their deep feeling for Saint Francis would cover up a multitude of deficiencies. As a matter of fact the elevation of the theme, but illustrated the fall of the authors. Only a great writer can afford a great subject. In this play, Saint Francis, living up to his reputation with every word he spoke, was merely an exasperating figure, and he was not assisted by any intrinsic movement in the play. "The First Franciscans" was produced by Mr. William Poel, one of the few living men of genius who have devoted their lives to the theatre, but he could do nothing with the play, which was inadequately rehearsed by actors who did not know their parts, and were further embarrassed by a plethora of prompters. Fortunately the reputation of Saint Francis will survive even this blow.

\* \* \*

"Princess Charming," at the Palace, is in the ordinary, very ordinary run of musical comedy, though the music seems rather more old-fashioned than is usual. It is certainly an object lesson as to how to put things across, even if those things are rather obvious. Mademoiselle Delysia has achieved a very real style, so that her vulgarity is so impersonal that it ceases to be vulgar, and she puts

all her enormous vitality into the very entertaining story. Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. W. H. Berry are an interesting and amusing contrast, but since in low comedy my taste is for the lowest, I prefer the latter. He does everything with such obvious enjoyment, and makes his face so easily express the more lovable dog-like qualities of man. Mr. Grossmith is amazingly neat in all that he does, and it is a pleasure to watch him. He has a more subtle part, and acts it more subtly; one does not delight in him quite so much, perhaps, because the part is not so surely written. The play is staged with a consistency which is too often absent from more pretentious plays. There is nothing in the scenery, the music, or the behaviour of the chorus to disturb the digestion of the rich and excellent dinner which ought to be the induction to such a performance, nothing to catch the mind. Even the unexpected is expected, many of the jokes are hoary, but the whole is carried through with such smoothness and conviction, with such a sense that nothing else is conceivable, that one can laugh very heartily at the new jokes, and surrender oneself to the atmosphere. In fact, for the sort of thing it is, it is very good. It might be better if it were half an hour shorter, but to make that criticism is, no doubt, to be ardently intellectual.

\* \* \*

It is disappointing that, of the forty-eight drawings and sketches by Corot now on exhibition at the Twenty-One Gallery in the Adelphi, all except two or three should be the products of the worse half of what Mr. Clive Bell has recently described as Corot's "dual personality." Most of them are landscapes in the opaque medium known as *détrempe*, in which all the colours are mixed with a thick white. It is in itself an unpleasant medium, and many of these little landscapes, with their facile composition and Christmas-calendarish air, recall, unpleasantly, much of the cheap, modern Japanese work which is turned out for commercial purposes. They represent Corot at his worst—at a much lower level than the mistiest and most sentimental oil landscapes of his later days. Even the two or three exceptions—one or two drawings in black chalk on grey paper, and a water-colour of "Les Mines de Faléri, Civita Castellane," which has been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge—though they can be looked at without the active disgust inspired by the *détrempe*, show the artist by no means at his best.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alvaro Guevara was known here some years ago as a painter of great talent and considerable power, of which his portrait of Miss Edith Sitwell, in the Tate Gallery, was a proof. For the last four years or so he has been living in his native Chile, painting its rivers and forests and its inhabitants, and an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of the work he has done there now announces his return to England, his adopted country. Mr. Guevara shows little or no alteration in the technique of his painting; it is extremely accomplished, and applied to a very wide range of subjects, but it remains always rather unattractive in its baroque over-richness and brilliance. His sense of design is generally sound. In feeling he is primarily Spanish, reminiscent, often, of certain of the old Spanish masters, but with a vigour and a freshness of his own. In the next room are a number of tempera paintings by Mr. Edward Wadsworth. Many of these are decorative and amusing in pattern. At the Alpine Club Gallery there is a collection of paintings by two young artists who have not before exhibited in London, Mr. Odo Cross and Mr. Peter Morris: there is also some sculpture by the latter, but he is clearly a painter rather than a sculptor, and some of his landscapes, especially, are good.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 6.—Orchestral Concert for Children, at 11, at Central Hall.  
 The Léner Quartet, at 5.30, at Wigmore Hall.  
 Mr. J. B. Sterndale-Bennett's "The Gift Horse," at the Everyman.  
 Outdoor Demonstration against demolition of City Churches, at 2.30, Guildhall Yard.

Sunday, November 7.—Mr. John A. Hobson, on "General Smuts as Philosopher," at 11, at South Place.  
 Repertory Players in Mr. Charles McEvoy's "The Three Barrows," at the Strand.

Monday, November 8.—M. Serge Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, at the Lyceum.  
 "Courage," at the Q Theatre.  
 "The Tempest," at the Old Vic.  
 Mr. Denis Eadie's "Half a Loaf," at the Comedy.  
 Mr. Francis E. C. Habgood's "False Dawn," at the Theatre Royal, Bristol.

Tuesday, November 9.—The Erhart String Chamber Orchestra, at 5.15, at Mortimer Hall.  
 Susanne Morvay's Pianoforte Recital, at 8.15, at the Aeolian Hall.

Wednesday, November 10.—"The Would-be Gentleman" (adapted from Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" by F. Anstey), at the Lyric, Hammersmith.  
 Women's International League Fair, at 8, at the British Museum (Mrs. Laurence Binyon's house).  
 The Rt. Hon. Sidney Webb on "Voluntary Internationalism," at 8.30, at Kingsway Hall.  
 Elisabeth Schumann, song recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Thursday, November 11.—Miss Bruce Adams's Exposition of Vision Pictures by the new Episcope, at 8, at the Aeolian Hall.  
 Mr. John Foulds's "A World Requiem" (conducted by the Composer), in aid of Earl Haig's Appeal for ex-Service men, at 8, at the Royal Albert Hall.

Friday, November 12.—Mr. W. E. Garner on "Liquid Air," at 5, at the Polytechnic, Regent Street.  
 Geoffrey Tancred's Pianoforte Recital, at 8.30, at the Aeolian Hall.

## OMICRON.

## THE SERF

His naked skin clothed in the torrid mist  
 That puffs in smoke around the patient hooves,  
 The ploughman drives, a slow somnambulist,  
 And through the green his crimson furrow grooves :  
 His heart, more deeply than he wounds the plain  
 Long by the rasping share of insult torn,  
 Red clod, to which the war-cry once was rain  
 And tribal spears the fatal sheaves of corn,  
 Lies fallow now. But as the turf divides,  
 I see in the slow progress of his strides  
 Over the toppled clods and falling flowers,  
 The timeless, surly patience of the serf  
 That moves the nearest to the naked earth  
 And ploughs down palaces and thrones and towers.

ROY CAMPBELL.

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**TIVOLI** Strand Gerr. 5222.

MONDAY, NOV. 8th.

and TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.30. SUNDAYS at 6 & 8.30.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer production

**"BEN-HUR"**

with

RAMON NOVARRO

\*\*\*\*\*

## THEATRES.

**ALDWYCH.** Gerr. 8929. NIGHTLY, at 8.15.  
 MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.  
**ROOKERY NOOK.**  
 TOM WALLS, Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

**AMBASSADORS** NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.  
 NICHOLAS HANNEN in  
**ESCAPE.** By JOHN GALSWORTHY.

**COURT THEATRE**, Sloane Square. Sloane 5187 (2 lines).  
 Nightly, at 8.15. Matinees, Wed., Thurs. & Sat., at 2.15.  
**THE FARMER'S WIFE.**  
 THIRD YEAR & LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

**CRITERION.** EVENINGS, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.  
 MARIE TEMPEST in  
**THE SCARLET LADY.**

**DRURY LANE.** EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.  
 ROSE MARIE. A Musical Play. A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.  
 NELSON KEYS, EDITH DAY, DEREK OLDHAM.

**FORTUNE THEATRE**, Drury Lane.  
 NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.  
**THE CRADLE SONG,**  
**THE LOVER,**  
 Two Comedies by SIERRA. \*Phone: Regent 1807.

**HIPPODROME, London.** Gerrard 0650.  
 EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.  
**"SUNNY."**  
 JACK BUCHANAN, BINNIE HALE, etc. ALL SEATS BOOKABLE.

**KINGSWAY THEATRE** (Ger. 4082). LAST TWO WEEKS  
 EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. MATS., WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.15.  
 IBSEN'S ROSMERSHOLM.

EDITH EVANS. CHARLES CARSON.  
**LYRIC**, Hammersmith. (Riverside 8012). WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 8.  
 Subsequently, at 8.15. First Matinee, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2.30.  
**THE WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN,**  
 Adapted from Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." By F. Anstey.

**POLYTECHNIC THEATRE.** Langham 6102.  
 GLASTONBURY PLAYERS IN  
 LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS,  
 BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN.  
 One Week from November 15th.  
 EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

**ROYALTY THEATRE**. (Ger. 3835). EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.  
 MATINEES, THURSDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.  
**"THE LASH,"**  
 By CYRIL CAMPION (Co-Author of "Ask Beccles").

**CINEMAS.**

**TIVOLI.** Ger. 5222. Daily, 2.30, 8.30. Sunday, 6 & 8.30. Last Week of  
**THE BIG PARADE.**  
**BEN HUR IS COMING.**

**ART EXHIBITION.**

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10-6.  
 (1) CHILE.—Paintings by ALVARO GUEVARA.  
 (2) E. WADSWORTH.—Tempera Paintings.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

### THE ALL-HIGHEST

ONE of the most interesting books which I have read for many a day is "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," by Emil Ludwig, translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Putnam, 21s.). If the Kaiser had died on April 1st, 1914, he would have gone down in history as one of those gesticulating survivals from the age of absolute monarchy who make kingship in the twentieth century merely ridiculous, and his character would have had no interest but as the raw material for the ironical modern biographer. But Fate, which is even more ironical than Mr. Strachey, decided that this ridiculous figure should be the centre of one of the most tremendous of human tragedies, and so the character of Kaiser Wilhelm II. acquires historical importance. The material for judging the character of the Kaiser is already in existence, though much of it has not previously been available for English readers. The most important evidence is that contained in the twenty-five vast volumes which have been published by the German Government since the war, and which contain documents from the archives of the German Foreign Office, including the Kaiser's minutes and even marginal outbursts on dispatches. It is on this material, and on the reminiscences of the Emperor's intimates, Eulenburg, Waldersee, Moltke, and Zedlitz-Trutzschler, all of which have been published since the war, that Herr Ludwig has based his book. He never appeals to the evidence of the Kaiser's foreign or internal adversaries or to "inside information"; except in one instance, he never uses unpublished documents. But by real biographical and psychological skill he has produced a remarkable book, a detailed and solid picture of the Kaiser. There are faults in his method. His style is cumbrous (though Miss Mayne, by her excellent translation, does much to straighten it out); he hammers his nails in much too far and too long; he often moralizes away his moral. But, with all its faults, it remains a remarkable book.

\* \* \*

It is also a merciless book. At the same time that I read Herr Ludwig I also read "Chronicles of the Prussian Court," a new volume in which the amiable Miss Topham continues her reminiscences of the years spent by her as governess at the Kaiser's Court (Hutchinson, 21s.). Miss Topham's reminiscences are light and amusing; you see in her pages the domestic surface of the Kaiser's world. Sometimes I fled from Herr Ludwig to these kindly, domestic pages of Miss Topham. For there is something indecent and barbarous in this merciless self-exposure of a human soul so ridiculous and so baneful as that of Wilhelm II. One's squeamishness is increased by the fact that his psychological antics were probably, as Herr Ludwig argues, due, to some extent, to pathological causes, to neuroses connected with his paralyzed arm.

\* \* \*

The secret of the Kaiser's character was that he was determined to be "The All-Highest," the absolute ruler, the Emperor by divine right, the War Lord, in the most literal and mediæval sense of those words, and that at the back of his mind he always knew that he was a weak man, a coward with a withered arm. Hence his bewildering changes from absurd bombast to pusillanimity, from the folly of pigheadedness to the folly of weakness, from belligerency to pacifism. He tried to pretend to himself and to

the puzzled world of the twentieth century that he was a warrior Hohenzollern living in the seventeenth century, though if he had been living in the seventeenth century he would have lost his throne, if not his head, in five years. Living as he did in the more humane nineteenth century, he took thirty years to destroy himself, and by the irony of Fate in accomplishing his own destruction helped to destroy a large part of twentieth-century civilization.

\* \* \*

It is difficult to feel any pity for the Kaiser after reading Herr Ludwig's book. Ridiculousness and cowardice are among the least important of the vices, but they become extraordinarily unpleasant when they are combined with cruelty and mean-mindedness. The Kaiser's malignant fear of his own subjects is really horrible. When, nine years before the war, he tricked the Reichstag into voting an estimate for six new armoured cruisers, he said: "I've taken in the Reichstag properly with the new Bill! They hadn't an idea of the consequences when they let it through, for this Bill lays down that I am to be granted anything I choose to ask for. . . . Now I've shot them sitting, and no power on earth can prevent me from getting the very utmost that can be got out of them. The dogs shall pay till they're blue in the face!" And when there was a tramway strike and rioting in Berlin, he wired to Headquarters: "I trust that at least five hundred will be snuffed out by the time the troops return to barracks."

\* \* \*

The character and story of the Kaiser tempt one to moralize, and, as I said, Herr Ludwig yields to the temptation. But the temptation should be resisted. To read moral lectures to a dethroned War Lord is a futile occupation. A much more interesting question than that of the Kaiser's moral guilt or innocence is that of the part which he played in causing the catastrophe of the war. Herr Ludwig seems to hold that the war was a statesman's war, even a dynastic war, and that Wilhelm II. was largely responsible for it. There is a sense in which this is true, and the evidence for it is supplied by the Kaiser himself, and is contained in this book. To say who exactly controlled the foreign policy of Germany after the fall of Bismarck at any particular moment is very difficult, but the Kaiser was mainly responsible. In no sphere was his unbalanced neuroticism more violent or more disastrous than in the conduct of foreign affairs. As a statesman or diplomatist he was simply ridiculous, and his marginal comments on dispatches are usually imbecile. His policy consisted in veering from bombastic truculence to truculent pusillanimity. Instances may be found in his fantastic conception of the Treaty of Björkö, and in the sudden and too late collapse of his truculence in the week before the war. Nothing is more startling or more illuminating in the published documents dealing with the outbreak of the war than that coward's return to reason on July 28th with the comment on the Serbian reply: ". . . with it every pretext for war falls to the ground. . . . On this document, I should never have given orders for mobilization." This was the man who, a few days before, had been raving, "Now or never!" and "The Serbs must be wiped out, and at once." And the moral? The moral, it seems to me, is that not the Kaiser, but the system which allows a man like the Kaiser to have anything to do with government stands self-condemned.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## BOWLES REDIVIVUS

**A Wiltshire Parson and his Friends. The Correspondence of William Lisle Bowles, together with four hitherto unidentified Reviews by Coleridge.** Edited by GARLAND GREEVER. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

OLD fogies, with backward-reaching thoughts, and within hailing distance of their eightieth birthdays, ought to feel nothing but gratitude towards the young enthusiasts from across the Atlantic, who, in eager pursuit of academical honours, compose theses on submerged British authors. Mr. Greever's book is a most agreeable specimen of this kind of literary industry. It had its origin, so the author tells us, in a dissertation on Bowles prepared during a "candidacy" (an odd word, but warranted in the new Oxford Dictionary) for the Ph.D degree at Harvard. Some day Mr. Greever hopes to find leisure to produce a formal biography of Bowles. In our turn, we hope to live to read it.

As for Bowles himself (whose portrait may be scanned in MacLise's well-known *Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters*, 1830-1838), he bears a name that can never be overlooked in any History of English Poetry. The *pièce justificative* for any interest in the subject of Mr. Greever's thesis is to be found in a famous passage in the "Biographia Literaria" of Coleridge that begins thus:—

"I had just entered on my seventeenth year, when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty-one in number, and just published (1789) in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me by a school-fellow, who had quitted us for the University (Dr. Middleton, the Bishop of Calcutta). . . . My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal with which I laboured to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard."

The quotation should be continued, but we must not pursue it further; and can only exclaim, "Who after such a testimony from the budding Coleridge, the most quintessential of all our poets, dare sneer at the name of Bowles?"

Well indeed does Mr. Greever say:—

"Bowles is a poet chiefly notable as an influence. He affected Southey, Lamb, and Wordsworth, and the impression he made upon Coleridge is one of the marvels of literature."

Yet when this has been said, what else is there left for Mr. Greever to say?

Mr. Greever only reprints one of Bowles's sonnets, which he declares to be the best; and as it is the only one that has found its way into Dean Trench's excellent anthology, and into the *Oxford Book of Verse*, he is probably right; but, if so, bad is the best.

The theme for this best sonnet of Bowles's is a fine and suggestive one, for it was "The Influence of Time on Grief," and accordingly begins, "Oh! Time." Although it is a sad digression, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of referring any reader who has accompanied us thus far to some stanzas on the same subject printed by Lockhart in the first volume of his life of Scott (p. 244), and discovered by him in a manuscript volume of verses all transcribed in Scott's handwriting; but Lockhart was certain that these particular verses were the composition of Scott's first (and last) love, Miss Stuart, of Fettercairn, afterwards Lady Forbes. We have no room to quote any of these stanzas, though they leave poor Bowles limping lamentably in the rear.

Mr. Greever, though he does not lose his head over Bowles's poetry, treats the poet from first to last with the utmost pomp and ceremony. Hearken to his opening, pleasantly reminiscent of Mr. G. P. R. James:—

"On the afternoon of the eighth of May, 1769, two chaises were ready to set out from the Angel Inn in Bristol. The chaises contained the family and servants of a clergyman who had just been promoted from the living at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, to that of Uphill and Bream in Somerset. The booted postilion looked back to see if all was right, and the travellers prepared to climb to their places, when somebody cried, 'Where is Billy?' 'Merciful Heavens,' exclaimed the Mother of the Family, 'Where is that boy?'"

As we cannot continue this extract, we hasten to add that the missing boy was soon discovered listening to a chime of church bells. "The boy was William Lisle Bowles." The italics, we must admit, are ours.

Biography is evidently taken seriously in the States, where all men are equal, even poets.

Though Bowles owes his permanent position in literature to the youthful enthusiasm of Coleridge, his literary life was prolonged, and his name, after a dim fashion, has been kept before the public by the intervention in his affairs of another poet, not so good a one as Coleridge, but of a jocoser vein, to wit Lord Byron.

The Bowles-Byron controversy over the poetical character of Pope was as lively and as free a fight as ever could be wished for, but, as might from the first have been anticipated, Lord Byron's half-blackguard, half-good-humoured contributions are all that are now readable. Bowles had by no means the worst of the argument, so far as there was any argument, and kept his temper very well. Perhaps he did not mind being knocked about by a lord.

Mr. Greever's researches have been rewarded by a good haul of letters, but we cannot say we have found any of them really worth reading, though they prove that Rogers could write a good-humoured letter and Sydney Smith (see p. 164) a witty one.

The book ends well, with four admirable reviews (1794-1797) from the pen of the still youthful Coleridge on Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and that of Lewis "Monk." Every lover of Coleridge should add this book to his library.

AUGUSTINE BIRREL.

## THE OPEN CONSPIRACY

**The World of William Clissold.** By H. G. WELLS. Three vols. (Benn. 7s. 6d. each.)

**The New Machiavelli. The Invisible Man.** By H. G. WELLS. (Benn. 3s. 6d. each.)

AFTER reading the final volume of Mr. Wells's encyclopaedic work one turns involuntarily again to the "Note before the Title-Page," now so well known. We are to take the book as "a complete full-dress novel, that and nothing more." Though "his views run very close at times—but not always—to the views his author has in his own person expressed," the chief figure "is (to the best of the author's ability) his own self, and not the author's self." Statements so categorical must naturally be accepted; indeed, they define the area of criticism, and leave the critic no alternatives. Regarded as a novel, then, the book is diffuse, without construction or development, the style vigorous but careless. Its one strength lies in the characterization of the chief figure. William Clissold is sympathetically drawn. A scientist at first, an industrial magnate later, he has a vision for industry and society, believes in a world State, holds enlightened views on the relations of the sexes, is interested before its triumph in the art of flying, and shows himself in the first and third of these volumes to be an excellent pamphleteer, while in the second one perceives that, had he not gone into industry, he might well have risen to fame as a novelist. Though sympathetic towards Clissold, Mr. Wells does not mitigate his faults. We see him, on the one hand, as a man of generous sympathies and far-reaching views, with a mind completely devoid of formalism; on the other, as a testy and impatient spirit, showing little toleration for the imperfections of human nature. Having set out to give a picture of his world and his will, of his beliefs and faith, characteristically he devotes almost as much time to the things he disbelieves in and considers effete, as to those which, with the eye of faith, he sees coming to life. This, however, is in character, and it shows us why, in spite of his brilliance of generalization and great practical ability, Clissold never managed to rise to a position where they would be effective. He sees Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George with power to do the right things doing the wrong; he knows what they should have done; but they are in the positions of power, and he is not. His failure to be there is due to a fault in his character. He desires to be in movements, but he is quite incapable of co-operating in them; he joins

the Labour Party, but that not being quite what he wants it to be, incontinently he leaves it. Now at last, in the third volume, he sees a novel and original movement appearing in which he may participate; a movement in which the world is to be made free by the industrialists, financiers, and scientists, who, he perceives, wield the real power. Yet one cannot imagine him co-operating here for a long time either. He does not, indeed, make it very clear how this revolution, which he calls "The Open Conspiracy," is to be carried out; but it is to be carried out frankly, at any rate. It will come because a generation of "New Men," "New Adventurers," is appearing; in Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Lloyd George he sees faint-hearted forerunners of these. Here the hero passes into the realm of the mysticism of action. Yet if this part of the book had been an impassioned appeal by Mr. Wells to the controllers of industry to use their power for the world's good, and not merely, as it is, the fantasy of an imaginary character, it would have been more impressive. Here one regrets that the author has stuck so inexorably to the novel form.

As it is, though the speculations which fill almost all the first volume and all the third are stimulating, Clissold is shown at his best as an amateur writer in his narration of his love affairs in the second volume. It is true that, like a true man of action, he prettifies all his feminine characters except those he dislikes. They talk baby-language. Sirrie Evans never thinks of bad things as bad; she thinks of them as "not pretty." Clementina is embellished with a somewhat infantile foreign accent to make her piquant. Neither of them is a woman with a separate life of her own; they only begin to live when they are showing their paces before a man. But Clissold's analysis of his own feelings when in love is, on the other hand, the best thing in the three volumes; it is vivid, frank, and true.

The new Essex Edition of Mr. Wells's works, in which "The New Machiavelli" and "The Invisible Man" have now appeared, is clearly printed on good paper, and the format is admirable.

EDWIN MUIR.

#### THROUGH CHILDREN'S EYES

**Boys and Girls of History.** By EILEEN and RHODA POWER. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.)

THE great value of the study of history is that it enlarges our experience of human life. But we can only assimilate this added experience by identifying ourselves with the people in history. It is very difficult for most of us to do this unless we can be made to feel that these people were in some important respects very like ourselves. For this reason different sets of human beings, middle-class people, working men, dark-skinned men, ordinary women, have, at different times, longed to have history rewritten from the point of view of their own race or class or sex. To children age is a more important differentiation than any of the above, and much history is rendered uninteresting to them by the fact that it is concerned only with "grown-ups." It is easier for a modern child to identify itself with a little king or queen in the past, even with a little foreign king or queen, than with an elderly fellow-countryman of the same rank in life as its own parents. This partly accounts for the popularity of Charlotte Yonge's "Little Duke" with many children who do not like any other historical book. A generation or so ago there was a book called "Royal Children," which was much beloved by some girls and boys. It gave details about such persons as Richard II.'s child wife, and the little captive princesses, Elizabeth and Henrietta Stuart.

It has long since disappeared, but Eileen and Rhoda Power have now given us something better. They have had the brilliant idea of attempting a complete record of English history as seen through the eyes of children of different periods. The result is a very delightful book. There is no doubt that it will be a success with children, who will recognize something of themselves in Lucius, the little Romanized Briton, thrilled with excitement over the brave gladiator; in William, who went to St. Paul's School in the days of the New Learning; in little Mistress Margaret, who kept house in the time of the Stuarts; and in Peggy, who

had such terrible adventures during the great plague and the fire of London.

In many others, too; for, in spite of its slender size and large print, the book is extraordinarily comprehensive. It includes many mediæval child-people, and it goes down to the little factory slaves and chimney sweeps of the industrial revolution, and (in striking contrast) to the much-sheltered Princess Victoria herself. Most of the children are either English or, like Olaf, the Viking's son, come to England. An exception is the blue-eyed shepherd boy, Stephen, who took a leading part in that strangest, saddest tragedy of the whole Middle Ages, the Children's Crusade. Some of the stories are about actual historical events, but most of them aim only at reconstructing the ordinary daily life of the various periods with which they deal. They give the details about material objects which children always love, and the illustrations taken from contemporary pictures add to the effect. There are, for instance, reproductions of the very map Edward VI. is described as studying in "A Boy King's Working Day"; of the plans of a seventeenth-century garden, possibly Mistress Margaret's; and Stourbridge Fair, to which Robert and Caroline were taken by their kind friend, Daniel Defoe.

Such a book, coming from a historian of recognized scholarship, will be valuable to the teacher as well as to the child; but many grown-ups who are not teachers will also appreciate it. It has a charm of its own, due not only to the skill and imagination with which the historical scenes are reconstructed, but to the idea of the book. A modern poet has awakened us to the romance of the birds, building year after year in the self-same way while the generations come and go. In some ways children are like birds. They have a life apart, which goes on unchangingly under different skies and in different eras, independent of all the ups and downs, and complications, and violence, and development of the unheeded grown-up world. They play with their little bronze horses (or the equivalent), and wear their new coats, and tell their winter's tales, while their mothers and fathers are striving and suffering in a thousand different ways. This book reminds us of the fact, and in doing so adds to the romance of life.



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Miss Lena Ashwell's reflections from Shakespeare illuminate not only the plays themselves, but also the modern theatre and that wider stage of the modern world . . . delightful humour. The plan of this book is discursive and, as can be seen, delightful personal reminiscences are included."—*Sunday Times*.

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### THE PEOPLE OF ARARAT

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Limp Cloth 3s. 6d.

This book, which is published under the auspices of the Society of Friends, is a careful study of the history and present position of the Armenian people. Mr. Burtt has only recently returned from Asia Minor.

52, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

## ENGLAND

**The Land. A Poem.** By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. (Heinemann. 6s.) MISS SACKVILLE-WEST will, no doubt, wish her poem to be described as plainly and honestly as it is written. It is a description in about 2,500 lines of the farming year in the clay bottoms of the Weald of Kent. It is written in loose pentameters, interspersed with a few songs. The seasons divide it into four books, and beginning with winter Miss Sackville-West plods methodically through the farmers' almanack. Dunging and ditching; weeding and ploughing and sowing; lambing and shearing and dipping; haysel and harvest; flowers and bees and fruit; cider and hops; thatching and felling; toiling and scheming; living, begetting, and dying—all these country occupations are here. Long stretches of "The Land" could be read aloud in a country alehouse, and if it were not announced as poetry, its rough and racy wisdom would win a gruff assent. But it is a poem, and a very remarkable one. It is remarkable because it is a very good long poem in an age of innumerable goodish small ones. It is remarkable because its author has lived on, worked, and become the lover of, the soil she describes, and so, placing her voice at the service of the English countryside, puts to shame many a reputable poet who pays it short visits in order to make a small corner in beauty, or find a peg on which to hang a fleeting emotion. It is remarkable, above all, as a long and trying poetic journey on foot, doggedly undertaken when aeroplanes are very much the vogue for flying over Parnassus.

On the first page we are initiated:—

"I tell of marl and dung, and of the means  
That break the unkindly spirit of the clay;  
I tell the things I know, the things I knew  
Before I knew them, immemorial;  
And as the fieldsman of unhurrying tread  
Trudges with steady and unchanging gait,  
Being born to clays that in the winter hold,  
So my pedestrian measure gravely plods  
Telling a loutish life. I have refused  
The easier uses of made poetry.  
But no small ploy disdain to chronicle,

Prune my ambition to the lowly prayer  
That I may drive the furrow of my tale  
Straight, through the lives and dignities I know."

And again:—

"The country habit has me by the heart.  
For he's bewitched forever who has seen,  
Not with his eyes but with his vision, Spring  
Flow down the woods and stipple leaves with sun,  
As each man knows the life that fits him best,  
The shape it makes in his soul, the tune, the tone,  
And after ranging on a tentative flight  
Stoops like a merlin to the constant lure."

The comely gravity and sweetness of that music, which makes the introduction to "The Land" so lovely and complete a credo, is not surpassed by any voice singing to-day. Naturally enough, in the body of the poem the level drops a little, the tone roughens, the rhythm sometimes falters. To quote is to break off a sod in order to show the aspect of ploughland, but this will serve, of shepherd's work:—

"... then he shall lift  
The lanky baby to his own warm hut,  
Lay it on straw, and shift  
Closer the lamp, and set the bottle's teat  
With good warm milk between the lips half-shut,  
Coaxing the doubtful life, while wind and rain  
Against the window of the cabin beat,  
And homing cottars in the plain below  
Look up, and seeing the window's yellow glow,  
Mutter, 'The shepherd's at his work again.'"

Miss Sackville-West discovers her countryman in winter, and holds that the bitter struggle against cold and damp conditions his whole life:—

"No lightness is there at their heart,  
No joy in countryfolk;  
Only a patience slow and grave  
Beneath their labour's yoke...."

She looks into the yeoman's lamplit winter kitchen, sees him dourly planning the year's work:—

"So he plots  
To get the better of his land again,  
Compels, coerces, sets in trim, allotts,  
Renews the old campaign.  
His mind is but the map of his estate,  
No broader than his acres, fenced and bound  
Within the little England of his ground...."

The colour is throughout a shade too dark, but there is a native glow in the songs, and Miss Sackville-West's one artifice—that of opening sudden windows on other lands, on bees that

"within the ruined arch  
Of Akbar's crimson city hang their comb,"  
on the Arab's thirsty plough and the drought of Persian rose-gardens—runs like a brilliant thread through the poem's fabric. Yet, indeed, its fabric is the thing. Of her method the poet asks:—

"Why then in little meadows hedge about  
A poet's pasture? shed a poet's cloak  
For fustian? . . ."

Well, her poem answers the question, and when the reader has absorbed the beauty of its classic temper he may add: Yes, but fustian is an exceedingly durable material.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

New biographies include: "R.L.S. and His Sine Qua Non," by the Gamekeeper (Adelaide Boodle), with an introduction by Austin Strong (Murray, 6s.); a new and cheaper edition of "Robert Louis Stevenson," by S. A. Steuart (Sampson Low, 12s. 6d.); "The Chronicles of a Contractor," edited by David Buchan (Constable, 10s. 6d.), which contains the autobiography of the late George Panting; "The Adventures of Johnny Walker, Tramp," by W. H. Davies (Cape, 7s. 6d.), which combines Mr. Davies's two previous books "Beggars" and "The True Traveller"; "The Gipsy Life of Betsy Wood," by M. Eileen Lyster (Dent, 6s.); "Cardinal Mercier," by Georges Goyau (Longmans, 3s. 6d.); "A Talk with Joseph Conrad," by R. L. Megroz (Elkin Mathews, 7s. 6d.).

A large number of travel books have been published: "Malta and Me," by Eric Shepherd (Selwyn & Blount, 18s.); "Europe Through the Looking Glass," by Robert Byron (Routledge, 8s. 6d.); "Gun Running in the Gulf," by Brig.-Gen. H. H. Austin (Murray, 7s. 6d.); "Cities of Sicily," by Edward Hutton (Methuen, 10s. 6d.); "The Vanished Empire," another book on China by Putnam Weale (Macmillan, 15s.); "Pursuing the Whale," by John A. Cook (Murray, 18s.); "The Epic of Mount Everest," by Sir Francis Younghusband (Arnold, 7s. 6d.); "On the Trail of the Unknown," by G. M. Dyott (Thornton Butterworth, 21s.); "A View of Sierra Leone," by F. W. H. Migeod (Kegan Paul, 31s. 6d.).

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates.** By CAPTAIN CHARLES JOHNSON. Edited by ARTHUR L. HAYWARD. (Routledge, 25s.)

Captain Charles Johnson did not, it may be suspected, write for posterity. Pirates were "good copy" in the eighteenth century, and Johnson's common-sense, matter-of-fact record of their "robberies and murders" was a piece of honest journalism in book form. To-day, two centuries later, pirates are again good copy, and Johnson's conscientious industry has again brought him into favour. Last year the Cayme Press issued the first volume of a handsome reprint of his third edition, and now Messrs. Routledge present us with the whole of the enlarged fourth edition in one comely and convenient volume. It is edited by Mr. A. L. Hayward, who has modernized the spelling and punctuation, and is illustrated from contemporary prints. The title-page of the very rare first edition of 1724 is also reproduced. Johnson is well worth reading, for he wrote of what he knew, without sentiment or exaggeration, and both the student and the general reader should welcome his appearance in a new dress.

**Reflections from Shakespeare.** By LENA ASHWELL. (Hutchinson. 21s.)

This is the most astonishing production. Nominally about Shakespeare, it is more truly about anything that comes into Miss Lena Ashwell's head, and is padded out with a great quantity of irrelevant and extremely inaccurate information. About Shakespeare himself her judgment is quite unreliable, and she styles "Troilus and Cressida" "a

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play without beauty, without a soul, a tragedy of the jungle where even the jungle law has broken down." On another occasion she talks very good sense, as when she insists that the Queen must be made one of the pivots of any production of "Hamlet." About Desdemona she writes: "She is the creature of Shakespeare's disillusion, the spark which kindles soul-destroying passions, the flame in burning tragedy. She is an angel of the red variety, and, to speak bluntly, a consummate liar in dealings with an indulgent father and a loving husband, spoilt, wayward, sympathetic, charming, manysided." Excellent theatrical criticism, which "the profession" should bear in mind. Miss Ashwell is very hard on "the critics" for their theories about Shakespeare, and then lets out a theory of her own. Shakespeare apparently was a theosophist with a strong psychic gift!

**Lord Shaftesbury and Social-Industrial Progress.** By J. W. BREADY. (Allen & Unwin. 16s.)

This is a new biography of the great philanthropist by a Canadian writer of strong feelings and fervid style—"while his mother was rushing frivoletously over the gaudy deserts of exclusive Society, striving in vain to satisfy her thirst for fresh sensations," &c. Mr. Bready appends a huge and largely irrelevant bibliography, which is reflected in his biography by unnecessary and not too well-informed disquisitions on the French *philosophes*, the French Revolution, and a thousand and one topics, including the attitude of the *EVENING STANDARD* towards prohibition. Trickling through these wastes of irrelevant matter may be with difficulty observed the stream of Lord Shaftesbury's noble career. It is a pity that Mr. Bready has so little idea of how to write a book, as on one important point, that of Lord Shaftesbury's religious beliefs, he is able to speak with complete sympathy. Still, this new life will not supersede the *Hammonds'* excellent monograph on the same subject.

**Chambers's Encyclopaedia.** Edited by DAVID PATRICK and WILLIAM GEDDIE. Vol. VIII.—*Penobscot to Saco*. (Chambers. 20s.)

As mentioned in notices of the earlier volumes, the advance of knowledge in many departments during the last twenty years is the outstanding feature of this new edition of "Chambers." Sir Oliver Lodge tells of the marvellous properties of Radium; Professor C. G. Barkla discusses the Röntgen Rays; and Professor W. Peddie explains Relativity and the Quantum Theory. Professor J. A. Thomson has a fascinating subject in Pigments of Animals, their causes and effects. Two new maps of the North and South Polar Regions, recording the achievements of Peary and Amundsen, show how rapidly knowledge of those inhospitable regions has increased. Among other prominent contributions are Planets, by Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer-Royal; Printing, by Mr. C. T. Jacobi; Protection, by Lord Birkenhead; Reincarnation and Transmigration, by Mr. N. W. Thomas; and Roads, by Sir T. Hudson Beare; while Dr. T. Ashby writes on Roman Architecture, Romanesque Architecture, and the history and topography of Rome. Altogether, "Chambers" still lives up to its reputation.

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

In this, the seventh month of the Coal Strike, there are few articles in the magazines on Home Affairs. Professor Sarolea writes in the "English Review" on "The Economic Crisis in Great Britain," but, for the most part, we are invited to consider the embarrassments and achievements of other countries, for an embarrassment or a relief. Thus we have, "The Meeting at Thoiry," by Mr. Hugh Spender, "Franco-German Settlement," by "Augur," and the "Franco-German Negotiations," by Mr. John Bell, all in the "Fortnightly," all approving, with Mr. Spender especially friendly toward the German, and Mr. Bell particularly sympathetic to the French statesmen who were responsible for the agreements. In the "Contemporary Review": "The Passing of Peking," by Professor Harold Quigley, and "The Chinese in the Caribbean," by Mr. W. M. Cousins, reinforced by "The Chinese Puzzle and its Solution," by Mr. Rodney Gilbert in the "Fortnightly." And, also in the "Contemporary Review," "Among Fascism's Friends and Foes," by Miss Edith Sellers, "From Pangalos towards Parliamentarianism," by Dr. William Miller, and "Some Impressions of Poland," by Dr. Hugh Dalton. Dr. Dalton's paper includes a description of Danzig and Vilna, and some discussion of the complicated question of the various minorities, of which the Ruthenian is

much the most serious. "No doubt," he writes, "majorities are apt to be tyrannical and minorities to be neurotic, but there is the further complication that many of the spokesmen of both are apt to be untruthful, and, in the worse sense of the word, propagandist . . . there seem to be three chief obstacles to contentment and a sense of justice. First, the deficiencies of many of the local Polish officials who, for various reasons, fail to administer laws and regulations fairly; second, the distrust and sometimes the cantankerousness of certain leaders of the minorities, who make mountains out of molehills and prefer a grievance to its remedy; and third, the poverty of Poland which prevents as rapid a provision of schools and other facilities as a full application of the principles laid down in Warsaw would require." There are three portraits of prominent persons. Mr. S. Macoby writes in the "Contemporary Review" on President Coolidge, Mr. James Johnson has "The Riddle of the Cecils: a Study of Lord Hugh" ("English Review"), and Mr. James Corbett in the "Fortnightly" has a panegyric on Mr. Winston Churchill, where such phrases as "stupendous ability," "real genius," "giant of intellectualism," "dauntless courage," occur and recur, and where Demosthenes and Edmund Burke are cited for purposes of comparison. Sir T. Comyn-Platt writes on "The Future of Persia" in the "English Review."

The fourth number of the "Journal of Philosophical Studies" has an essay on "Logic and Faith," by Professor W. G. de Burgh. Mr. John Watson writes on "Behaviourism. A Psychology Based on Reflex-Action," and Mr. C. E. M. Joad writes on "The Irrationality of the Good."

"Old Master Drawings," a Quarterly Magazine for Students and Collectors, is well produced, and the letter-press is by good authorities, though, as it is devoted largely to discussions of the authenticity of the drawings, it is likely to be more useful to collectors than to students. The choice of drawings is good, but the John Downman is hardly worthy of its company, in spite of Mr. Oppé's defence of it.

"The New Coterie" concludes its first volume with this number, and announces, defiantly, that it means to go on. There are stories by Mr. Gerald Bullett, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. T. F. Powys, Mr. Louis Golding, poems by Mr. Paul Selver, and drawings by Mr. Frank Dobson, and Meninsky, and Miss Nina Hamnett, and Miss Pearl Binder.

"The Calendar" has verse by Mr. Bertram Higgins and Mr. Edgell Rickword, a story by Alexander Nieviev, a "Note on Fiction," by Mr. C. H. Rickword, and the continuation of "Some Aspects of Yahoo Religion," by Jasper Bildje.

Mr. Aylmer Maude writes in the "Adelphi" on Tolstoy's Theory of Art.

There is quite a bunch of foreign papers this month. Among these we include the "Mask," since it is published in Florence, and surveys the theatrical and literary movements of England with a detached and critical eye. The "Mask" always makes excellent reading; one is never sure beforehand of the attitude it will take towards any contemporary manifestation, but one can be convinced that there will be nothing languid or insincere in its expression of opinion. This number includes "Alexandre Dumas père and his adventures at the Théâtre Français," by Mr. Gordon Craig, an article "On Some Books, Italian, English, and French, on the Theatre of Europe," and a reproduction of a fine seventeenth-century map of Florence. "The Dial," America's most portentous literary quarterly, has the first part of a story by Thomas Mann, translated from the German by Herman Scheffauer, an article on Sainte-Beuve by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, reproductions of three sculptures by Emile-Antoine Bourdelle, and two poems by George H. Dillon. The "American Mercury" has an article on "Art," by Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, which opening promisingly, "I am getting damned sick of art," after an exposition of his "grouch" concludes, "Art was enormously forwarded by the invention of printing—the middle men rose, and the spontaneous singers gave up their songs. . . . Even in Spain gentlemen no longer persuaded the moon with a guitar. It wasn't necessary—art performed that office for them. The amateur had been suppressed." Mr. Herbert Asbury writes on "The Father of Prohibition," and, as usual, the "Americana" collected so cruelly by Mr. Mencken are balm to the self-esteem of Europeans. "Les Marges" devotes the greater portion of its space this month to a symposium of authors and editors on "Les Maladies de la Littérature Actuelle. There is also an amusing note on "Shaw et l'Angleterre," by M. Denis Saurat. "Voorstag," a monthly magazine of South African work and art, is disappointing. It contains a paper on "The Problem of the South African Indians," and what can only be called a preposterous article on "Birth Control and the Artist," by Miss Ethelreda Lewis.

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By E. F. BENSON.

THE world may possibly be a vale of woe, but, even if it is, there are situated on it certain particular vales where the woe really seems to have evaporated or to have been frozen over in certain months of the year, which, by a happy chance, are just those when England generally, and London in especial, is almost intolerably woeful. These happier vales are not quite those of Avilion, for though, if the skies are propitious, neither hail nor rain vexes them, it is highly important that a considerable quantity of snow should fall from time to time. Nor must they be like Avilion, deep-shadowed, but on the contrary should stand exposed for as many hours of the day as possible to the full blaze of the winter sun. I daresay they have "bowery orchards": there is no harm in bowery orchards, provided that the snow lies thick over them. The vales in question, of course, are the high valleys of Switzerland in mid-winter.

Now the ignorant pilgrim, who has not yet made trial of them ought to be circumspect in his choice, especially if he has only a couple of weeks or so of sojourn there. Probably he imagines that the whole of Switzerland at that season of the year is completely covered with a shining mantle of snow, except the lakes on which (for some climatic reason into which he does not inquire) there are perennial sheets of peerless ice, where he can skate all day. He thinks that he can sledge or toboggan on any road, and ski on any hill. The truth is the direct reverse of his fond fancy: it is by exception that he is able to skate on any lake at all, no road is suitable for tobogganing, and most hill-sides are quite useless for ski-ing. Most of the valleys in Switzerland during December and January afford no more facilities for winter sports than the valley of the Thames, and rinks and toboggan-runs are not natural features at all, but products of art, carefully made, kept up and renewed. Slopes suitable for ski-ing, it is true, are Nature's unaided efforts, but she is by no means lavish with them, and for the most part she keeps them in very bad order. The ignorant pilgrim, therefore, must select his valley with great care, choosing one (if his preference is for skating, curling, and tobogganing) where the more educated hand of man has supplemented the rude provisions of Nature with rinks and runs, or, if he proposes to spend his time in ski-ing, to go to a place where Nature has done her work with more intelligence than she usually shows. It would have been perfectly easy for her, when constructing this land of hills and valleys, to have made decent skiing slopes almost everywhere, but she evidently had no idea what a proper ski-ing slope was, or, out of sheer malice, made most of them useless for such purposes. The pilgrim must therefore, before he settles on his destination, make quite sure that Nature has done her clumsy best at the resort he proposes to visit.

Highly important also is it to select a playground of adequate altitude, or he may, especially if his holiday is a short one, experience cruel disappointments in the way of thaws and unseasonable mildnesses which completely spoil rink and run and ski-ing slope alike. Here again Nature is largely to blame, for she might easily have arranged that freezing point should have been 40 degrees Fahrenheit instead of 32 degrees, in which case the lower Swiss winter resorts would have been fairly secure from thaw, and the dreadful wind called the Föhn, which renders even the highest places like St. Moritz or Pontresina as idle and detestable as the lowest, would have had no terrors at all. But owing to this stupid omission on Nature's part, steady unbroken frost cannot be looked for under 4,000 feet of altitude, and it is wiser to go at least another thousand feet higher to feel reasonably safe. The pilgrim

may, of course, strike a very good (i.e., a very cold) year and find uninterrupted frost at much lower levels: he may also strike a very bad year, and find that even at 6,000 feet the raindrops patter on his window, but he takes a foolish risk if he deliberately chooses an insufficient elevation. If he can remain out in Switzerland for five or six weeks, the risk is comparatively less, for he will certainly have a decent stretch of suitable frost: but if he is tied for time let him bear in mind the dolorous experience of a friend of mine, who, in a bad year, went to one of the lower resorts for a fortnight, with the object of skating all the time. He skated on the day of his arrival for half an hour before it got dark, and thereafter it either rained or snowed till the morning of his departure. That day he got one hour's beautiful skating, and then it was time to pack his skates and catch the train back to England. Indeed, I have been victim of such imprudence myself, for I have watched a rink slowly vanish under the breath of the south-wind, and have been reduced to walking out and picking the gentians that pushed their blue snouts through the thinning snow. They were extremely pretty, and it was a pleasant way to spend a tepid afternoon. But it was not in quest of gentians and tepidity that I went to Switzerland.

Again, apart from the increased security in the matter of weather, some new quality, absolutely indefinable (but not in the least like champagne to which it is sometimes compared), begins to mingle with the air when the higher levels are reached, something bracing and exhilarating beyond compare. I do not imply that the air at 4,000 feet is not of pleasing quality, but round about 5,000 feet, so most people are agreed, there comes into it something mysteriously delicious, to breathe which makes the mere fact of existence a joy. It seems to be independent of weather, for at Pontresina and St. Moritz (both of which are at about 6,000 feet level), even if by ill-chance the Föhn blows, and makes glue of the ski-slopes and puddles of the rink, there is still in the air this divine elixir. Cannot one of our scientists discover the nature of it, manufacture it in large quantities, and lay it on like water or electricity to our houses? But perhaps that would be a mistake, for among its other delightful effects, it produces a pleasant idiocy of the brain, and makes it quite impossible to use that highly over-rated organ to any practical end. For at these high altitudes, so it is universally agreed, worse bridge is played, stupider letters are written, fewer mental efforts are made than anywhere else in Europe. The body basks in the sun, its bones are bruised with frequent falls, and the intellect sinks into a most blessed condition of contented atrophy.

The ideal winter resort then must be high, against the chance of thaw, it must be well screened by hills to the North and East, in order to cut off the cold winds and let the happy valley bask in windless sunshine, while to the South the horizon should be comparatively low, so that the hours of sunshine be as long as possible, and that sunset should find skater and curler and ski-er alike not unwilling to leave his rinks and slopes for the warm shelter of his hotel. There, if his physical energy is still bubbling within him he will dance and play athletic games, or if he has had enough acrobatics for the day, he will brainlessly and happily muse over books and papers without understanding anything of what he reads, or play bridge with three other pleasant folk as mentally deficient as himself. Huge will be his appetite and dreamless his sleep, and it is just this sense of intense physical well-being combined with the contented stupidity of his mind that makes the chief charm of the higher altitudes.

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**To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise.** By E. B. SOANE. (Murray. 18s.)

**In Savage Australia.** By KNUT DAHL. (Philip Allan. 21s.)

**The Fire of Desert Folk.** By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI. (Allen & Unwin. 16s.)

**The Orient I Found.** By THOMAS McMAHON. (Duckworth. 15s.)

**An Immigrant in Japan.** By THEODATE GEOFFREY. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.)

**Gallipoli To-day.** By T. J. PEMBERTON. (Benn. 10s. 6d.)

"TRAVEL," says Mr. Chesterton, "narrows the mind"; and this is certainly true of travel as undertaken by the modern tourist. The highways of the world become increasingly standardized and cosmopolitan, and the tourist has rarely time or inclination for exploring the byways. Even if he has, the very fact that he is consciously in search of novelty tends to restrict his vision to the more obvious and superficial differences in lands and peoples. Consequently, the only travellers whose records are as a rule interesting or valuable are those who have not made travel (or writing) an end in itself, but have either lived abroad through necessity, or have journeyed far afield in pursuit of some scientific or other ulterior interest.

To this latter class, happily, belong most of the thirteen travellers now under consideration. Miss Stevens is the only tourist on our list, and even she, as it happens, represents the best type of tourist. The outcome of a five months' sojourn in Syria, her reprinted *TIMES* articles—half-informative, half-personal and "chatty"—show at least some faculty for observation as well as a sense of style, and the book makes pleasant enough desultory reading.

So, too, does the record of Captain Voss, a "stunt" traveller, whose "tall" stories of perilous voyages undertaken by him in mere cockle-shells of boats—his most amazing performance being a 40,000-mile ocean "trip" in a ship thirty feet long at the keel—have often been discredited by experienced mariners. In his introduction, however, Mr. Weston Martyr supplies evidence of the truth of Captain Voss's claims, and certainly the author's own narrative, simple and terse, gives us confidence in its veracity.

It was partly the impulse for a "stunt" that inspired Lord and Lady Apsley's recent six months' adventure in Australia. But they had, too, a serious purpose. In 1923, when Lord Apsley was serving under Sir William Joynson-Hicks, then Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade, questions arose in the House regarding the alleged ill-treatment of two Government "assisted" emigrants. Acting upon a hint dropped by his Chief, Lord Apsley resolved to test the conditions of emigration for himself. Disguised as "George Bott," a single man, he voyaged with a party of "assisted" settlers, and on reaching Australia served for some weeks as a farm labourer in the Mallee Country. ("You are the best liar I have ever met," said his first employer on learning the truth of his identity.) Meanwhile, Lady Apsley had reached Australia by another route, and, after a motor journey through the lesser-known Northern regions, here interestingly described by her, she and her husband, as "Mr. and Mrs. James," lived for a time as married British migrants in a Group Settlement in the south-west. Their experiences, written separately and from the somewhat conflicting male and feminine points of view, are set down very lucidly. But the book contains much solid information and sound advice.

Mr. Gosling looks back upon a long life of almost incessant travel. The son of a diplomatist, he was born in Stockholm, and before coming of age he had, owing to his father's duties, seen much of Germany, Russia, Finland, Spain, and South America. Since then, having himself been

for many years a Foreign Office official, he has covered the greater part of the earth. Particularly interesting are his chapters dealing with the Matabele War and with conditions on the rubber plantations of Bolivia as seen by him while acting, in 1913, as Minister Plenipotentiary to that Republic. But the whole book is thoroughly readable. Mr. Gosling, in his exceptionally wide wanderings, has had an eye for little things as well as big, and his gifts of humour and reflection add charm to what is no mere work of "travel," but a delightful autobiography.

Duty took Dr. and Mrs. Heber to Lesser Tibet, where they lived for twelve years. Out of their ripe experience of that "topsy-turvy land" they have written an informal guide-book, describing in artless but pleasant manner, and very comprehensively, the actual features of the country and the daily life of its people, who, we are told, are "the living and moving embodiment" of the "gnomes, elves, quaint old witches, and weird old wizards" that haunt the imagination of childhood.

Our next five books deal with journeys undertaken wholly or mainly on behalf of scientific research. Mr. Hastings presents in full for the first time, freely annotated by himself, the "Journal" of the late Sir John Glover, who, as Lieutenant Glover, acted as surveyor to the "Blaikie" Expedition to the Niger in 1857-8. Glover, who later played an important part in the opening up of Africa, seems to have been, for a very young man, a remarkable combination of seaman, sportsman, geographer, trader, and missionary; and his diary not only reflects an unusual personality, but throws a vivid light upon the appalling condition of Nigeria in the earlier days of its exploration.

Mr. Beebe tells breezily, sometimes to the point of facetiousness, the story of the New York Zoological Society's recent expedition, under his leadership, to the Sargasso Sea and the Galápagos region in the Pacific. The expedition was fruitful in acquiring much new knowledge of the tides and currents of the district as well as of its multifarious fish life, ranging from "the most microscopic beings which contribute to the surface luminescence of the sea" to a gigantic "devil" weighing over a ton. A full technical treatise is to be published later. The present volume is intended to present the "high lights" of the voyage itself, with a "popular" summary of the new discoveries. The illustrations (many of them in colour) are extraordinarily good.

E. B. Soane, who died in 1923, at the age of forty-two, was sent as a young man to Persia by the Imperial Bank. His great linguistic gifts and his subtle understanding of native psychology soon made him an influence in the Near East, and his services were invaluable to the Government during the Great War. As a tribute to his memory, a new edition has been issued of his singularly acute and observant impressions of a journey which, disguised as a native, he took in 1907 through Mesopotamia and Kurdistan.

Professor Dahl's book, now first printed in English, is the record of two years of anthropological and zoological research which, under the auspices of his Norwegian university, he undertook over a quarter-century ago in North Australia. His volume is packed with learning and anecdote, and, while its primary appeal is to the student, the general reader will be thrilled by the account of the author's many adventures among the "most treacherous" aborigines in the world.

Dr. Ossendowski, a Polish writer, recounts his impressions of a recent journey through Morocco. Though he went there with a special view to studying native customs and music, and "to find some plausible answer to the anthropological riddle of North Africa," he is a wide and subtle observer and an "atmospheric" stylist. He has, moreover, a moral to press home. Contrasting the worlds that confront each other in Morocco—"the European one, with its railroads, tractors, and rationalism, and the Moslem one, with its magic works of Ibn el Hadj, its talismans and its amulets"—he insists that only a change of mind and heart in the white races, synchronously with evolution in Islam, can avert a serious conflict between the two civilizations.

Like Dr. Ossendowski, both Mr. McMahon and Mrs. Geoffrey are severe critics of the "insolent superiority" and "truculence" of the white peoples, and plead for a softer and less aggressive spirit. Mr. McMahon is an Australian

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publicist, and deals chiefly with political and economic conditions in Japan. Mrs. Geoffrey, an American lady who has lived in Japan for many years, writes, on the other hand, in a descriptive and affectionate vein of the domestic life of the people. Widely different, however, as the two books are, the main purpose of both authors is to warn us against the wrath to come, and to suggest that if a struggle arises between East and West it will be less the fault of the former than the latter.

The last book on our list, to which Sir Ian Hamilton contributes a preface, stands in a class by itself. Since Gallipoli is inaccessible to most of the relatives of the British soldiers buried there, Mr. Pemberton has prepared for their benefit this little volume describing the scenery of the Peninsula and the work carried out there by the Imperial War Graves Commission. Photographs of the various cemeteries are given.

GILBERT THOMAS.

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Even better, to our mind, is the piano record in which Wilhelm Backhaus plays four pieces of Chopin: Prelude and Study in C major, Chromatic Study in A minor, Revolutionary Study, Op. 10, No. 12, and Study in F major. (12-in. record. DB928. 8s. 6d.)

The best of the orchestral records is Tchaikowsky's "1812 Overture," played by the Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden, conducted by Eugene Goossens. (Two 12-in. records. C1280 and 1281. 4s. 6d. each.) The "Overture" occupies only three sides, the last side being given to a Waltz from "Eugen Onegin." Mr. Goossens's version is, in many ways, a curious contrast to that of Sir Henry Wood's, which the Columbia produced a month or so ago. Another good orchestral record is Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. (12-in. record. D1121. 6s. 6d.)

Marcel Dupré plays the allegretto and finale from Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat, No. 4, on the Queen's Hall organ—a very successful record, in which the composer and organist are heard to advantage. (10-in. record. E438. 4s. 6d.) We do not care for another organ record in which Mr. Arthur Meale plays his own composition "Storm" on the Central Hall organ. (10-in. record. B2347. 3s.)

A very pleasant record is provided by the Victor Olof Sextet playing two of Coleridge-Taylor's "Four Characteristic Waltzes," Nos. 1 and 3. (10-in. record. B2346. 3s.) Melville Gideon, of "The Co-Optimists," provides two vocal records; on one he sings "Lacquer Lady" and "Amsterdam" (12-in. record. C1284. 4s. 6d.), and on the other "I used to sing" and "Always." (10-in. B2352. 3s.) New dance music includes three foxtrot records: "Who Wouldn't?" and "To-night's my night with Baby," Savoy Havana Band (B5123); "In a little garden" and "Any ice to-day, lady?", Waring's Pennsylvanians (B5120); "The Road of Dreams" and "What! no spinach!", International Novelty and Irving Aaronson (B5124), all 10-inch records, 3s.

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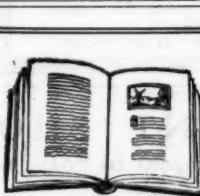
The owner is at liberty to sell his house in the ordinary way, and in this case the outstanding balance of the mortgage would be repaid from the sale price and the mortgage discharged. There are then several options available with regard to the policy, usually as follows: (1) To continue the policy as an independent investment and Life Assurance. (2) To surrender the policy for its Cash Surrender Value. (3) To obtain a free paid-up policy for a smaller amount, upon which no more premiums would be payable.

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## BELGIAN LOANS IN NEW YORK—FRENCH RAILWAY STERLING BONDS—LIRA AND SNIAS VISCOSA.

THE allotments were so small and the initial premium so substantial in the case of the Belgian Stabilization loan that the "stags" were able to run to cover quickly as well as profitably with the help of large investment buying. At 5 premium the London price is a full point higher than the New York price, but the average investor will no doubt continue to prefer a "stamped" security with a free market in London. It is being asked why this Belgian loan was issued on terms so attractive as to obtain an over-subscription of about 2,500 per cent. It should be remembered, in the first place, that the failure of the attempt to stabilize the Belgian franc last spring made it essential to ensure a success at all costs this autumn; and, in the second place, since \$50,000,000 of the loan had to be issued on the New York market, it is obvious that the rate at which Belgium could borrow to-day was primarily governed by the rate at which Belgian bonds were selling in New York. We give a list of these Belgian loans in New York because, if Belgium emerges from its trial with success, there is no doubt that these loans will stand on a lower yielding basis.

Issued.	Loan.	N. Y.		Approximate Yield %.
		Int.	Price " & Interest "	
(a) 1/1/25	... 6% 1955	1JJ	... 88	£6 18 4
(b) 1/9/24	... 6½% 1949	1MS	... 94	£7 0 0
(c) 1/6/25	... 7% 1955	1JD	... 98	£7 1 6
(d) 1/6/20	... 7½% 1945	1JD	... 100	£7 1 6
(e) 1/2/21	... 8% 1941	1FA	... 108	£7 7 6
			28/10/26.	Int. Only. Inc. Redn.

(a) Amount issued, \$50,000,000. Sinking Fund to retire annually 1-80th of loan by purchase or drawings at 100. (b) Amount issued, \$80,000,000. Sinking Fund to retire annually 1-25th of loan by purchases not over 100. May be repaid at 105 on or after 1.9.1939. (c) Amount issued, \$50,000,000. Cumulative Sinking Fund approximately 1% p.a., acting half-yearly through purchases or drawings, at 107½. (d) Amount issued, \$50,000,000. Sinking Fund retires annually 1-23rd of loan by drawings at 115. May be repaid at 115 on any interest date. (e) Amount issued, \$80,000,000. Sinking Fund to retire annually 1-90th of loan by purchase or drawings at 107½. May be repaid at 107½ on or after 1.2.1981.

\* \* \*

It has been suggested that as the Bank of France was included in the list of Central and Reserve Banks co-operating in the programme of Belgian stabilization, the French Government must have signified its own desire for an early return to a gold or a gold exchange standard. We doubt it. Unfortunately, it is still impossible to say whether M. Poincaré is aiming at stabilization on the Belgian plan or at revalorization on the Italian plan, but if it be assumed that the stabilization of the franc will come some time, the railway sterling bonds guaranteed by the French Government appear now to be attractive purchases. Hitherto the various increases made in the railway tariffs have not kept pace with the rise in expenditure following partly on the depreciation of the franc, and partly on the increase in interest charges. The policy of continuous borrowing on the Government guarantee to meet recurring deficits has been the unsatisfactory feature of French railway finance. Last year the railways had to pay as much as 12½ per cent. for some internal borrowing, as against 9½ per cent. in 1924. Thus, in the case of the Nord Railway, while the gross receipts for 1925 increased by 12½ per cent. to 1,614,000,000 francs, the deficit after paying interest charges was 43,000,000 francs, against 30,000,000 francs in 1924. In the case of the Midi, the 1925 deficit after payment of interest charges was 94,000,000 francs, against 91,000,000 francs in 1924. The P.L.M. showed a deficit of 5,500,000 francs in 1925. This, however, was a great improvement on the 1924 position, which showed a deficit of 53,000,000 francs.

\* \* \*

The sterling bonds of the four big French railway systems—Nord, P.L.M., Midi, and Orleans—were issued in 1922 through Messrs. Rothschilds. In all cases payment of interest and sinking fund is secured by (a) direct obligation of the company, (b) the Joint Fund of all the railway systems, (c) the payment which the French Government has undertaken to effect, if necessary, to make up any deficiency in the Joint Fund, (d) the undertaking by the French Government to bear the entire service of any bonds which may

be outstanding at the end of the railway Convention. The bonds rank *pari passu* with all existing bonds. The following table shows the respective sterling bonds, together with their dates of redemption, market prices, and yields. The Nord sterling bonds stand higher than the P.L.M. because drawings at par commence a year earlier and there is no provision for purchases for redemption under par. The P.L.M. provisions for redemption are the same as for Midi and Orleans, but the better financial position of the P.L.M. no doubt accounts for its higher market valuation.

	Authorized & Issued.	Int.	Price.	Flat.	Yield.
(a) Nord 6%	... £5,000,000	1MS	87½	£6 18 4	£7 3 0
(b) Midi 6%	... £8,000,000	1MS	89½	£7 4 9	£7 7 0
(c) Orleans 6%	... £2,000,000	1MS	84	£7 4 2	£7 8 0
(d) P.L.M. 6%	... £5,000,000	1JJ	80½	£7 1 2	£7 4 0

## Provisions for Redemption.

(a) 1950. C.S.F. (Cumulative Sinking Fund) from 1928 operating by drawings at par in July. Optional after 1982 at 108. (b) 1960. C.S.F. from 1929 operating by purchase or drawings at par. Optional after 1983 at 108. (c) 1956. C.S.F. from 1929 operating by purchase or drawings at par. Optional after 1984 at 108. (d) 1958. C.S.F. from 1929 operating by purchase or drawings at par. Optional after 1982 at 108.

\* \* \*

The present financial policy of the Italian Government aims at the "revalorization" of the lira by the accepted processes of deflation. This policy began at the end of August, with severe contraction of credit as its main feature. Whereas the exchange value of the lira since August has made a 25 per cent. recovery, commodity prices have fallen at most by about 5 per cent. It will be realized at once that this policy of deflation is being carried out at the expense of the export industries. Of these the artificial silk industry will probably suffer the most heavily, seeing that it scored more heavily than others during the period of inflation. The reconstruction of Snia Viscosa comes, therefore, as no surprise. The capital of this company is to be reduced from 1,000,000,000 lire to 750,000,000 lire (the difference being transferred to reserve in the balance sheet) by the writing down of the 200 lire shares to 150 lire. At the same time 250,000,000 lire in shares of 150 lire will be issued in Italy, bringing the capital again up to 1,000,000,000 lire. £1,400,000 of debentures are also said to be in process of issue. The purpose of these two issues is to repay the company's bankers and provide working capital. In effect, the old shareholders are giving up one-quarter of their profits to the new subscribers who are reducing the heavy interest charges with which the company is saddled. They will probably also give up their dividend. We mentioned in THE NATION of October 16th that the sales of Snia Viscosa in recent months had shown considerable recovery. Whether this trade recovery will result in profits to the company depends very largely on the future course of the lira.

\* \* \*

The 10s. shares of Columbia Graphophone Company, which we recommended in THE NATION of June 12th when they stood at 46s. cum dividend and bonus of 2s. 7.2d. net, are now 57s. 6d. The 6½ per cent. Debentures of Columbia (International), Ltd., a subsidiary of Columbia Graphophone Company, through which the latter controls companies in foreign countries, can now be bought ex rights at about 98, to yield about 7 per cent. These debentures at the time of issue carried with them a right to subscribe for a certain proportion of ordinary shares at par during the four years following the date of issue. The debentures are now dealt in ex these rights, and are at the present time full of dividend, the interest dates being May 15th and November 15th. They are redeemable at 105 per cent. on November 15th, 1945, or at any earlier interest-payment date on six months' notice from the Company. A sinking fund to operate by purchases at or under 105 per cent. begins in 1980. No dividend has yet been paid on the ordinary shares, but we understand that several of the foreign companies are doing well, and it will be surprising if good figures are not shown in the course of the next year or two.

## COMPANY MEETING.

## DENABY AND CADEBY MAIN COLLIERIES.

## Adverse Effects of Strike—Amalgamation Foreshadowed.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Denaby and Cadeby Main Collieries, Ltd., was held last Tuesday at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. J. Leslie, D.S.O., M.C. (Chairman and Managing Director), presiding.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—You will see that our accounts include two months of the coal stoppage; they are naturally unsatisfactory. Prices fell heavily, and we lost many markets to the older districts who were in receipt of a large subvention which enabled them to undercut us. We could have paid an adequate dividend by drawing on our past profits now in reserve, but your directors considered it prudent, in view of the length of the stoppage, to preserve our liquid assets.

We will have shortly completed the work on our new washers, electrical plant, boiler and pit tubs, on which we will have spent over £300,000. The upcast shaft at Denaby was drawing coal in December, and the output increased at once. We were drawing 32,000 tons per week before the stoppage and should be up to 36,000 tons per week by the end of next year. The increase in output and consequent decrease in cost should soon give us better results. Our all-in cost has decreased already 9 per cent. in two years, which is largely the result of the foregoing expenditure.

The new housing scheme is nearing completion, and the central hot water system, which provides hot water for every householder from two boilers, is giving great satisfaction.

As regards the coal stoppage, our men have lost nearly £400,000 in wages. At most collieries in the Midlands the men would be earning the same wages as before the stoppage in a 7½-hour day if they returned to work. The difficulties of our export trades are apparent to everyone. The general uncertainty as to the future will not be entirely lifted by the settlement of the coal stoppage.

Our troubles have again been increased by our monetary policy. The trade depression which began in 1921 necessitated wholesale reductions in prices and wages in nearly every trade, but the inflated wages remained, and still remain to a large extent, in the sheltered trades.

## PROPOSED AMALGAMATION.

As regards the commercial side of the industry, I believe improvements can be made. There has been no combination between competing collieries to prevent the offering of coal on an unwilling market and to effectively control the output. If this could be arranged by voluntary agreement, and short-time working organized when required, we would be able to stabilize the price of fuel for our industries. This has been realized by Germany, who has formed large coal and steel cartels in order to control the output and facilitate finance. Rightly or wrongly, your Board considers that there are considerable advantages to be gained by amalgamation. It is our duty as employers to try and stabilize the price of our product and maintain the best standard of living we can for our workmen. By amalgamation we think that the following advantages will accrue: Greater and cheaper facilities for finance, security to shareholders by spreading their risks, wider share market facilities, co-ordination in management, saving in overhead expenses, elimination of cut-throat competition in sales, interchange of electric power, standardization of machinery spare parts, improved purchase of stores and materials, pooling of wagons and boundary adjustments.

## THE COMBINED COLLIERIES.

The Collieries to be amalgamated are Denaby and Cadeby, Dinnington, Rossington, and Maltby. The combined outputs will be just under 4,000,000 tons, rising to 5,000,000. Part of the proposed scheme is that Rossington and Maltby, which are developing collieries, will have their dividends deferred for the time being. Independent expert opinion has been obtained as to when these collieries should be ready to rank *pari passu* for profits with Denaby and Dinnington. It will be necessary to present the case for amalgamation to the Railway and Canal Commission under the new Bill. When this is approved shareholders will be forthwith circularized with the terms. Counsel are in process of preparing the case, and there will be no delay in presenting to shareholders details of the scheme.

The directors wish to take the opportunity of thanking the staff and management for their unfailing loyalty during the stoppage. An immense responsibility has rested on many of them to maintain the underground roads and prevent fires from breaking out; as a result of their labours the pits remain in good condition. Though I may have enlarged on the difficulties that are in front of us, I have profound confidence in the common sense of the Yorkshire miner, the success of the proposed amalgamation, and the future of the South Yorkshire coalfield. I have now pleasure in proposing: "That the report of the directors now produced, together with the annexed statement of the company's accounts to June 30th, 1926, duly audited, be now received, approved and adopted."

Colonel H. M. Stobart, C.B.E., D.S.O., seconded the resolution, which, after the Chairman had replied to some questions, was carried unanimously and the payment of the dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. on the Preference shares was approved.



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## APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

## BOROUGH OF CHESTERFIELD.

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**T**HE COUNCIL invite applications for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Male) on the Reorganisation Staff of the Public Library, at a commencing salary of £200 per annum. Candidates must have experience in Public Library administration, and possess the Library Association Certificates for Cataloguing and Classification.

Applications, on forms obtainable from the undersigned, in Candidates' own handwriting, endorsed "Assistant Librarian," and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be delivered at this Office by 10 a.m. on Monday, November 15th, 1926.

PARKER MORRIS,  
Town Clerk.

October 27th, 1926.

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